

THE LEISURE HOUR

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

Contents.

- "Twixt Love and Duty.**
By TIGHE HOPKINS. XXI.—
XXVI. 579
- Quietness and Assurance** 592
- The Story of the English Shires.** Durham. By
CANON CREIGHTON, M.A. . 593
- An Afghan Wedding.** By
T. F. HUGHES, B.D., late
of Peshawar 600
- Spanish Folk-Lore.** Part I. 603
- Art Pottery at Lambeth** 607
- Notable Blind Folks.** I.
By EDWIN HODDER . . 616



Contents.

- Feme Sole: a Sketch** . . 619
- Hunting the Wild Red Deer** 623
- A Summer Evening** . . 631
- The Hop and its Pickers** 632
- The Krakatoa Eruption.**
By the REV. PHILIP
NEALE, late Chaplain at
Batavia 636
- Summer Rambles in my Caravan.** By Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N. . . 638
- Varieties** 644

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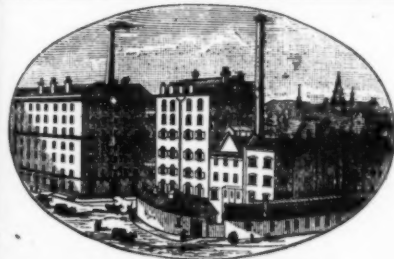
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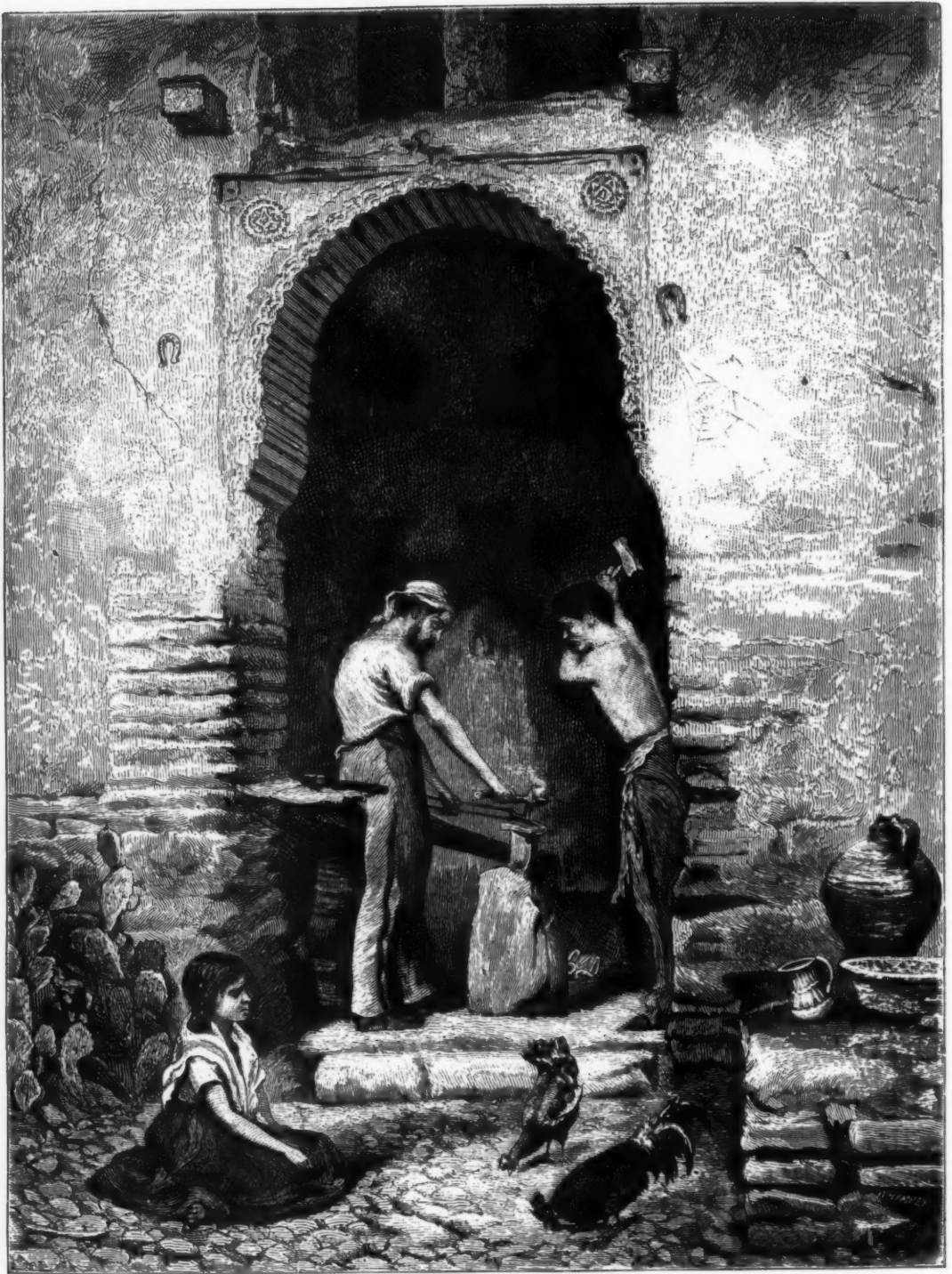
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'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XXI.—MR. TRIMBLE RESOLVES HIMSELF.



'DEAR ME! GONE AWAY?'

"RUPERT," said Mrs. Trimble at the breakfast-table one morning, "it is a long while since we have seen anything of young Mr. Lee."

"A long while, Maria, eh?" responded her husband, preparing to cut his "Times."

"Yes; it was only yesterday that Ethel put the question to me, 'Mamma, how long is it since Mr. Lee dined with us?' and I really could not answer her. It must be months at the very least. I think, Rupert, that you ought to ask him to dinner."

"Hum! Dinner? I don't feel so sure that I ought, Maria. Dear me! what a prodigious list of bankrupts! it's time we had a change of government."

"What do you mean, dear, by saying that you don't feel sure you ought to ask Mr. Lee?" said Mrs. Trimble. "You know how delighted you have always been with him since poor Mr. Jones turned out so badly."

"Well, now, Maria," answered Mr. Trimble, "I am not certain that Jones *will* turn out so badly. I say I am not at all certain about that, Maria. A matter did happen which gave me a most unfavourable opinion of him at one time; and even now Jones is not all that I could wish. But there is a frankness and an openness about Jones that gives me more confidence in him than I've been able lately to feel in Lee. Lee is a perpetual mystery. He's nothing short of that. A perpetual mystery. That's what Lee is, Maria."

Mr. Trimble spoke rather more testily than he was in the habit of doing to his wife. It required very little nowadays to put him out of temper whenever he thought or spoke of Arnold.

"You surprise me a good deal, dear," said Mrs. Trimble. "I am glad indeed that Mr. Jones is restoring himself to favour; for you may remember, Rupert, that he was a kind of *protégé* of mine. But I thought Mr. Lee had always given you complete satisfaction. You never used

to speak of him except to praise him; and you have told me often that you thought him one of the cleverest young men you ever saw."

"My present opinion is, Maria, that he is a little too clever."

"Oh, my dear—pooh! too much cleverness is impossible in your profession, you know. Perhaps you don't give him quite enough encouragement. He always seemed to me rather a sensitive young man. Or you may have been overworking him a little. You know, my dear, you work so hard yourself that you may be inclined to look for a little too much from the clerks."

"Well, my dear, whether I look for it or not I don't get it. The rascals are very well able to look after themselves. The standard of work amongst clerks in our profession is not what it was when I was young. As for Lee, well, the truth is Lee is too deep. I tell you, Maria, that Lee is much too deep."

"Why, Rupert, what dreadful thing has the poor boy been doing?"

"Well," replied Mr. Trimble, a little awkwardly, "that's just what I don't know, and can't find out. But I know he's been doing something. I am afraid he is mixing with a bad set. His money goes in unaccountable ways; and he is driven to do various unprofessional things to make a second income. He writes for newspapers, I am told; and when a young man takes to that you never can be sure of him. You can't trust him with professional secrets either. No, Maria, no; I must say that since I improved Lee's standing in the office he has disappointed me considerably."

Mrs. Trimble, however, was not yet convinced. She felt sure she said that Arnold had been misunderstood, and still thought that the best thing was to give him some pleasanter companionship than musty papers in the evening.

Mr. Trimble heard this as the last word before he set out for the City. His private opinion was that the best thing he could do would be to get rid altogether of such an exceedingly doubtful young man; but he did not say this to Mrs. Trimble.

A brief and rather singular colloquy took place between the solicitor and his manager that morning: Mr. Trimble, suspicious, irritated, ungracious; Arnold, unsuspecting, vexed, and troubled.

"Er—ugh—er—I don't think, Lee, that—er—ugh—you have been doing your work as you should do lately; but—ugh—um—come and dine with us to-night—ugh."

Arnold received this uncordial invitation in the manner that might have been expected of him. It was like the flinging of a bone to a dog, and he rejected it with some amount of indignation.

"I think, Mr. Trimble," said he—and he looked rather red as he said it—"that until we understand each other better I ought not to accept your hospitality."

"Then you refuse, Lee? Well, I was almost prepared for it. There's a matter here," he went on, turning at once to business—"but perhaps you had better ask Mr. Jones to step in."

Arnold now began to find himself losing authority. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, diligently

whetting his tongue against the manager, found his task easier than before.

The other clerks, lynx-eyed in such a matter as this, had seen for some time past that all was not as well with Arnold as it had been. He no longer lived in the high favour of the chief. Mr. Jones was oftener in the inner room than the manager, whom, in fact, he seemed steadily to be superseding. He dropped an occasional word in the hearing of his fellow-clerks to the effect that "probably Lee wouldn't be kept much longer," and himself assumed the air of a gentleman whose fortunes might be expected shortly to mend. Indeed, he said, with a covert smile, that "Trim was getting his eyes opened at length, and beginning to repent of having put the younger in the place of the elder." "You see," he said to the junior clerk, on another occasion, "a man may do well enough on the stool of a clerk, who isn't worth a rap in the manager's chair." And the juniors, seeing which way the wind blew, began forthwith to transfer their allegiance from Arnold to Jones.

A mystery hung about Arnold which defied all attempts at penetration. He had been growing shabby and shabbier in his dress—he whom a degree of nicety in this respect (which came a long way short of dandyism) had always characterised.

One day the office-boy returned from his dinner bursting with news. He had seen the manager taking his lunch at the cheap vegetarian restaurant in Holborn which he himself patronised, where meals—filling at the price—are to be had for sixpence. Now it was well known that Arnold had received a considerable addition to his salary at the beginning of the year. He was known also for a man of moderate and frugal ways. How had it come about that, with a larger salary, he was living in barely respectable style, shunning his friends, and getting more and more out of favour with his chief? How had he lost caste and standing so rapidly? What did he do with his money?

On this latter point Mr. Jones was no better informed than the rest, but what he did know was that his scheme to supplant Arnold in Mr. Trimble's favour was getting on mightily.

Mr. Jones had been clear from the first, both as to what he intended to do, and how best it might be done. He was perfectly frank with himself—good-humoured even about it.

Here was a young upstart who, entering the office years later than he had done, had on a sudden, and, as Mr. Jones reasoned, out of no merit of his own, been promoted to the place which it had long been Mr. Jones's ambition to win.

Trimble had been infatuated, and Arnold was a sly dog. This was Mr. Jones's explanation of Arnold's rise. But Trimble must be made to rid himself of his infatuation, and the sly dog must be bested. It was an enterprise quite after Mr. Jones's heart, and the knowledge of his principal which he had gained by one or two mishaps in the past had taught him the lines on which it was safest to proceed.

Arnold had discovered long since that Jones

was intriguing to supplant him, but he kept his counsel. He was too proud to speak of what he knew, but he could hardly help showing it by other means, and he contrived in this way and that to set up a barrier between himself and Jones. He held no further communication with him than the business of the office required, and refused so pointedly to have anything to do with him after office hours that Jones ceased his advances and fell back.

Mr. Jones had never forgotten a peccadillo in which he was once discovered. He knew there was no chance of entrapping Arnold in that way, but it occurred to him that another visit to Arnold's chambers might lead to something.

Accordingly he went there one evening, and met Mrs. Fagan at the foot of the stairs.

"My good woman," began Mr. Jones in his pleasantest tone, for he made use of everybody, "I think that Mr. Lee lives somewhere in this building. Yours," continued Mr. Jones, indicating with a slight motion of his hand the bucket Mrs. Fagan carried on her arm—"yours is a useful calling."

"Troth, 'tis a tankless one, yer honour," returned Mrs. Fagan.

"Don't say that, I beg of you. Who could be wanting in gratitude to one of your profession? You are mothers to the young men who reside in these desolate chambers."

"Faix, we are that same, surr; but there's ne'er a one of 'em will say it."

"The more shame for them, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Fagan, yer honour. Loosy Fagan."

"To be sure; I might have known it. And does Mr. Lee live here, Mrs. Fagan?"

"He did, surr, but he's out av it this good while."

"Gone away?"

"Joost that, surr."

"Dear me! Gone away? And where has he gone to, my good Mrs. Fagan?"

Now Mrs. Fagan did not know where Arnold had migrated, but Mr. Jones in putting his question looked at her with a generous eye and rattled some loose coins in his pocket.

"'Tis this way, av ye plase, surr," said the wideawake charwoman. "Misther Lee was stricht wid me that I wudden brathe a whisper to a livin' sowl."

Arnold, it need scarcely be said, had laid no such injunction upon her; had not, in fact, taken Mrs. Fagan into his confidence at all on the subject of his departure.

But Mr. Jones swallowed the statement greedily, and went on rattling the coins in his pocket, with intent to separate the smallest of them for use in case of need.

"Ah," he said, "Lee had no doubt had some little difference with a creditor; that was why he pledged you to secrecy, Mrs. Fagan. But I am his friend. He would be hurt beyond measure if he thought you had withheld his address from me. Indeed, I think he would be almost angry, if any one could be angry with you, Mrs. Fagan."

"'Tis yer honour has the swate tongue, an' no mistake," said Lucy. "Av they was all like yer

honour it's a blessed life I'd be ladin' instid o' frettin' the heart out av me wid thyrin' to plase thim."

But further than this Mrs. Fagan did not vouchsafe, for Mr. Jones showed himself in no hurry to bribe her. Mr. Jones, in fact, saw that the charwoman was likely to prove his match.

"Take this, Mrs. Fagan, and purchase some little relish for your tea," he said, and produced a fourpenny-piece. "No, no, don't look at it," for Mrs. Fagan, in truth, was about to test the coin with her teeth, after eyeing it with no great kindness.

"'Tis too much ye have given me, surr, and that's the truth," said she.

"And where did you say Mr. Lee had moved to, Mrs. Fagan?" asked Mr. Jones, deprecating her words with a modest inclination of the head.

"Indeed, surr, I couldn' tell ye that same av I thried," replied Mrs. Fagan, pocketing the coin.

"Do you mean that you don't know?"

"'Tis joost what I do mane, yer honour."

Mr. Jones's expression showed that he was conscious of defeat, and that he did not take it equably; and Mrs. Fagan, with an eye to other fourpences in the future, made haste to pacify him.

"But don't be bodderin' yersel' about that, surr," said she, "for I'll git the place for ye, widout a doubt. An' see here, I think that's Misther Bell comin' under th' archway, that lived wid him. 'Tis he that can tell ye better nor me."

The poet, airy and blithe as ever, came up in time to hear himself described by Mrs. Fagan in an undertone as "an evil-disposed young vagabone that kept all hours, and was that disorderly in his habits as never was."

"Lucy, my treasure, I salute you!" exclaimed Bell, coming up as Mrs. Fagan finished her eulogium, and tipping her bonnet over her eyes. "Now run, or I'll search your pockets."

And Mrs. Fagan, muttering inverted blessings, did retire with some alacrity; for her pockets, which were nearly as deep as her intellect, contained some very decent pickings. Greetings of a rather cool description passed between Bell and Mr. Jones; for Dick knew that Arnold had no great regard for his fellow-clerk.

"I called to see Lee, Mr. Bell," said Jones.

"Ah! sorry you can't have the pleasure. Didn't he tell you he had left here?"

"N—no: oddly enough, he didn't."

"Odd, as you say," answered Bell; and added, *softly*, "he doesn't want *you* squinting about with those cat's eyes of yours, that's evident."

"You can—ah—you can give me his address, I suppose?" insinuated Mr. Jones.

"Can't—pon my honour," responded Dick. "But what's the need? You work in the same shop. He'll tell you himself if you ask him."

Dick knew as well as Mr. Jones did that he wouldn't, but that was no affair of his.

"Of course I can get it from Lee to-morrow, but I happened to be rather anxious to see him this evening," said Mr. Jones, making a last effort.

"Ah, you wouldn't find him in this evening, I

fancy; so you see it would have to keep till tomorrow in any case. Sorry you should be disappointed, Mr.—Mr. Jones. Good night to you;” and the poet took his way up the stairs.

“Lost fourpence, and had some sauce out of young good-for-nothing there!” was Mr. Jones’s comment on this adventure, as he quitted the inn and went in search of billiards.

But he was quick to reflect that his mission had not been altogether fruitless. He had learned that Arnold had left his chambers, and with something of secrecy, as it appeared; which were facts worth knowing. Should the need arise, Mr. Jones did not doubt his ability to discover his young friend’s whereabouts.

Very soon after this he had another opportunity with his principal. Arnold had been sent out of town for a day to attend that excellent but tempestuous client, Admiral Græme. In the afternoon his friend McCallum, the editor of “The Woolsack,” called at the office to see him, on “urgent literary beesness.” McCallum was not a presentable man in the conventional sense of the term. An excellent journalist, but in appearance and attire a relic of the days when gentlemen of the press sent one collar per week to the wash, and seldom went oftener themselves.

Mr. McCallum repelled in very cavalier style the inquisitive advances of Mr. Jones; declined with emphatic pshaw, hoots, and gammons to state his business; and went off in a fine Scotch tantrum, declaring that he would scarify the firm in the next issue of his paper. Mr. McCallum did not speak in a whisper, and Mr. Trimble in his sanctum caught a word or two of his anathema.

“Who was that gentleman, pray?” he inquired of Mr. Jones.

“That gentleman? Well, no, that person, sir,—is a friend of Mr. Lee’s.”

“Indeed! And what does he come here for?”

“He appears to be connected with the newspaper trade, sir. He came to see Mr. Lee.”

“Indeed! What were the last words that he used? I think my ears must have deceived me.”

“He said, sir, that he would scarify us in the next number of his paper.”

“Scarify. A singular expression.”

“Yes, sir; it was not the only rude expression that he used. A person of extremely rough manners. I gathered from what he said that Mr. Lee writes for his paper.”

“What is the periodical called?”

“I think ‘The Woolsack’ was the name he mentioned, sir.”

“I have never heard of the periodical.”

“Nor I, sir.”

“It can scarcely be a reputable print.”

“I should think not, sir.”

“And what was the gentleman’s business with Mr. Lee?”

“He would not state it, sir; but seemed determined to see Mr. Lee, here or elsewhere. Well, as a matter of fact, I don’t even know where Mr. Lee lives, so how could I tell him?”

“Don’t know, Jones! Come, come! You

know very well that his chambers are in Staple Inn.”

“Oh no, sir; he has left there. I called at Staple Inn about a week ago. The rather dissipated young man he shared the rooms with is still there, and I saw him. I also saw the extremely dissolute woman who professes to do charring in those chambers. They refused me all information, and jeered at me. As there seemed to be some mystery about Mr. Lee, and a desire to keep his present place of living a secret, of course I did not press my inquiries. It would not surprise me to learn, sir, that Mr. Lee has been privately married, or—or something of that sort.”

“I did not ask for your opinion, Mr. Jones.”

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Mr. Jones, and retired in a modest and thoroughly comfortable frame of mind.

As he drove home that evening, Mr. Trimble revolved the matter for the last time and came to a resolution.

CHAPTER XXII.—AND ACTS ON HIS RESOLVE.

WHAT was this resolve that Mr. Trimble had arrived at?

It was to come—without further dallying—to a settlement with Arnold.

Arnold must make a clean breast of it or go. This it was that Mr. Trimble had decided as he drove home the previous night.

Generosity and a certain meanness were inter-fused in him. His kinder moods—and he had them in plenty—were apt at all times to be dominated by a latent habit of suspicion. And when he suspected he could and did act with prompt spitefulness.

He had brought himself to believe that Arnold had in some way deceived him. There was that in the solicitor’s nature which would have created and fed such a belief; but the spark of mistrust once kindled in him, the poison-breath of Jones had blown it into flame.

We have seen something of the manner in which this flame had played about the head of Arnold these many weeks past; scorching him miserably. It had become a fire now, like to consume him.

There was ground of course for the unkindly feeling which Arnold’s master had allowed himself to cherish against him. Arnold had never lifted a finger to remove or lighten the suspicions of Mr. Trimble. And these suspicions rested on a fair basis.

It was visible to common eyesight that all was not right with Arnold. Outwardly he was not the man he had been. Himself only knew the struggle he had to maintain the paltriest show of respectability before his principal and his fellow-clerks; for he was living on a bare pound a week, with a rare guinea from McCallum. He could not hide altogether the effects of his straitened means; and he had chosen to keep the cause to himself. Suspicion then was free to work as it pleased.

Mr. Trimble knew that through some channel or other he had floated away £250; and had seen that since that time Arnold's affairs had steadily declined.

Moreover, as regarded the work of the office, he had not maintained his old standard. The external causes which had operated to bring about this deterioration were outside Mr. Trimble's ken. He had not seen the stealthy foot of Jones creeping about Arnold's room when Arnold was out of it; nor the diligent hand of Jones dropping precious papers into hidden recesses, and consigning unanswered letters to the safe shelter of the waste-paper basket.

Arnold knew his enemy, but had never found him in the field; and to take him by strategy was a task for which he had neither genius nor inclination. But his spirit had been somewhat overborne, and he was conscious this long time past of having done scant justice to himself in his daily work.

Here again Trimble saw the effects, but was (necessarily, to some extent) blind as to the real cause.

He believed that Arnold had fallen amongst evil company, and grown careless of and indifferent to his stewardship.

He felt therefore that he had strong and honest ground beneath him in the course he meant to take.

"Ask Mr. Lee to be good enough to step in." These were his first words on reaching the office the next morning.

Arnold presented himself at once, expecting some fresh ebullition of temper.

But there was no temper in the solicitor's face. Except that one hand rustled amongst the heap of unopened letters, he was quieter than usual.

He looked full at Arnold and said, "I have sent for you to speak with you on matters that concern us both. I am not satisfied with you, Lee."

"I am sorry to say I know that, sir," was Arnold's reply.

"I don't know what has come over you," pursued Mr. Trimble, "but you do not fill the place in my office that you once filled. I had great hopes of you, Lee. You have disappointed them."

This was bitter measure for Arnold, but he stood quiet and made no answer. Mr. Trimble had the air and took the tone of a man who felt himself injured.

"There have been things in the past that required explanation," he went on. "You have not explained them, and I have not pressed you for an account as closely as I had a right to do. But we can go on in this way no longer. You must make a clean breast of it."

"What is it, sir, that you wish me to explain?" asked Arnold.

"Can you explain the falling-off in your work, for one thing?"

"I am afraid I could not explain everything without making accusations that you would not care to hear, Mr. Trimble," he replied.

"Accusations! What do you mean, Lee?"

Let us have no unfounded accusations, if you please."

"You will get nothing of that sort from me, sir; but perhaps I had better be silent."

"I am to understand, then, that you decline to give me any explanation?"

"I have nothing to explain, sir."

"I regret it," said Mr. Trimble, coldly. "I have had abundant evidence lately that your heart is not in your work. My interests in consequence have suffered. You have grown careless and, I am afraid, callous. You have affairs of your own for which mine have been neglected."

"No, sir, that is not the case," said Arnold, sturdily. "I am serving you now as conscientiously as I have ever done. What work I do other than yours is done away from here, in time that is my own."

"Yet persons connected with obscure newspapers (which it seems hardly fitting that one in your position should have anything to do with) call on you here, and are insolent to my clerks."

"I am certain that no friend of mine, who was fairly received, would be other than a gentleman to anybody here."

"Ah! Then in future perhaps your friends would do well not to risk receptions which do not appear to satisfy them."

"I will take care that they do not, sir."

"Thank you. But that is not all. Whether you are or are not serving me as conscientiously as before, the result is not what it used to be. I cannot continue you in the post of manager here unless some decided change for the better takes place at once."

"In regard to my position here, I am in your hands entirely, sir."

Arnold spoke with respectful quietness, but his face and manner showed that he understood the gravity of Mr. Trimble's words.

"He seems sincere," thought Trimble; but at once corrected this thought with another. "He's too deep for me."

Nevertheless, the seeming honesty of Arnold's bearing touched him a little.

"You are involved in some foolish, and, I am afraid, in some bad business, Lee. I wish you would tell me what it is," he said next.

"Sir," replied Arnold, patiently, but with evident distress, "it would be kinder if you would put no questions to me that do not directly concern my relations with you."

"Yes, yes," said Trimble, impatiently, "but this is such a question. Whatever your entanglement be, it has affected you in every relation, professional and otherwise. Into a purely private matter I should have no right (and I hope no desire) to pry. But this is not altogether such a matter. I have been concerned in it to some extent from the first. Indeed I consider myself not free from blame for the result. It was I who advanced you money, and that loan, or the use you made of it, is accountable for the deplorable state you are in at present. You can't deny that. Your troubles began from the day I foolishly lent you £250. From that day the falling-off commenced in you and in your work. From that day

I have had to find incessant fault with you. From that day you have been growing careless in professional matters, strange in manner, and indifferent in dress. Does this concern me, or not?"

Arnold saw that his fate trembled in the balance. He knew that a dozen words would save him. He was on the point of speaking them. The image of Marian rose in his mind, and loyalty to her carried the day. He held his peace, knowing that silence condemned him.

Mr. Trimble hesitated an instant, then said, with blunt directness, "It was for some woman you borrowed that money, Lee!"

It was a coarse way of putting it. Arnold winced, and an involuntary red tinged his cheek. Some woman! The sweet face of Marian shone before him.

Trimble saw the red in his cheek, and felt that he had given a home-thrust. He believed that he had reached truth at last. "I am right," he said to Arnold.

Chivalrous manhood asserted itself, and Arnold answered, "It is not yours, sir, to talk to me in this fashion! This affair is mine, and no one's else. I decline to speak of it."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Trimble, with a sudden flash of eye. "It is time that we closed our account. You had better seek another engagement, Lee."

He motioned Arnold to leave the room.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

AS Mr. Trimble had not dismissed him in so many words, Arnold on the following day gave formal notice to leave.

By this time Trimble's angry-jealous mood had spent itself, and he went out of his way to say that Arnold might take his own day for going.

"Let it be a month hence, or two months, if you please. Stay till you are suited elsewhere," he said.

But Arnold's blood pricked him; he felt that unjust measure had been dealt him. He would prefer to go in a week, he said.

Trimble, even in the generous mood, liked to be met half way. At the least, a favour once rejected he never offered twice.

"Please yourself," was all he said, and the interview ended. No word passed between them as to the payment of the debt.

The week rolled itself out, and the morning of the day came on which Arnold was to leave.

He was resolved that there should be no sentiment at parting, and was concise almost to curttness in winding up with Mr. Trimble the business of his department.

"That, sir, is the last," he said, giving into the solicitor's hands a deed on which he had been at work the previous evening.

"Then I am afraid," said Mr. Trimble, not unkindly—and, indeed, with feeling—"that nothing remains but for us to shake hands and say good-bye."

"Yes, sir, there is one thing before that, if you will allow me," said Arnold, a certain hard quality

in his voice. "Will you be so kind as to ask Mr. Jones to come here?"

Mr. Trimble looked at him an instant, his eye cold again and his lips pursed. "What is this, Lee?" he asked, drily.

"I wish Mr. Jones to be present here a moment, sir, if you please," answered Arnold, very self-contained.

Now Trimble did not quite know what this boded. It could be nothing pleasant, though. Arnold scarcely wanted Jones to be present that he might embrace him before Mr. Trimble's eyes. He hated a scene, and halted a full half-minute on the verge of a refusal. Looked at Arnold again, and was met by two steadfast eyes hardly to be denied. Reached out an involuntary hand, and touched his bell.

"Mr. Jones—at once."

Jones, be sure, was at hand, and smirked himself in on the instant. Trimble, thought he, was about to do him some honour in the face of the manager, cashiered.

"Mr. Lee wished you to be present here a moment."

This was not what he expected, but he smiled with all his teeth, and laid the palm of one hand on the back of the other, and looked everywhere but at Arnold.

"This is perhaps a little unusual, but—what can I do for Mr. Lee?" he queried, mildly.

"You can tell Mr. Trimble the reason why I am leaving him," broke out Arnold, turning with sudden passion on the lean thing, Jones. "You can tell him that he is dismissing me, who have served him with my best, because you with that snake's fang of yours have spat poison into him against me. You can tell him this, and more. You can say that you have been seen crawling into my room whenever I was out of it; that you have been heard to lift my desk and creep amongst my papers when it was open, and try it with false keys when it was locked. You can say that it was you who found a missing paper for me in a place where no hand but yours could have dropped it. You can say that there are those in the office who have heard you in here, when I was away, sneaking and slandering and lying, that you might cheat yourself again into the favour you lost by a blackguard's act twelve months ago, and worm me out of the place you hated me for having. Tell him this, if you dare!"

It flowed out of Arnold like a lava torrent, and left him smoking.

The ineffectual victim writhed, but remained voiceless, limp, the skin drawn tightly over his face, his pale eyes quivering.

Mr. Trimble had kept silent, but glowered darkly. It was on Arnold that he glowered, not on Jones.

Jones made a giant effort, and recovered himself, but his tongue was dry and had to gather moisture before he could make it speak.

"Mr. Trimble, sir, I must leave this to you," he said at length. "You have heard these charges; if you bid me I will answer them."

"It is not necessary," answered Trimble. "I have heard them, and dismiss them. I have sent

Mr. Jones to your room, Lee, from time to time when you were out and I required some paper that was in your keeping. There is an answer to one of your charges. As to another of them, it presupposes that I was open to receive gossip of a malicious and slanderous sort about a clerk in my employ. That charge is therefore an insult to me. You have not raised my opinion of you, Lee, by this display. I had hoped to shake hands with you at parting; I cannot do as I had hoped. Mr. Jones, you will take the place of manager in my office. Lee, I wish you good day."

Arnold bowed very slightly to Mr. Trimble, and quitted the room without a word. He took his hat and went out of the office. His connection with Trimble and Trimble was at an end.

He went straight to his lodgings. There was nothing of the coward in his step. He felt stronger at that moment than he had done for six months past. The elation of an anger which he felt to be just made his blood glow.

"I'm glad I bruised Jones." This was his feeling. His head was as though he had drunk a cup of strong wine.

At home, he paced his room a while, every nerve spinning, bent on keeping himself at this pitch.

"No brooding, my young friend, if you please," he said, and felt as little like brooding as ever he had done in his life.

He sat down and did two hours' stout work with his pen. Then pocketed the manuscript and set off with it to McCallum at the office of "The Woolsack" in Mitre Court.

"Here's the article you wanted, Mac," he said, producing his roll.

"I want no airticles—from you or any mon."

With such pithy brevity the knight of the quill delivered himself, lifting a hairy head, and glaring at Arnold from beneath bushy eyebrows, out of deep-set eyes that had no speculation in them.

Arnold threw his manuscript on the table and sat down and laughed.

McCallum was as choke full of humours as a hog's back of bristles.

"There's the article you wanted, Mac," repeated Arnold, and settled himself comfortably.

"Oh, Daniel McCallum," said the editor, apostrophising an outrageous caricature of himself which hung on the opposite wall, "what a meeserable mon are you this day! Why did ye leave Glasgie where ye might hev been meenister in a comely kirk, and banish yerself to siccan a brainless toon as London! Ye did it for the good of monkind, McCallum, and y'are made a fule and a bankrupt for your pains."

"You must use that article in the next number, Mac, for I'm very hard up," said Arnold.

"Take it to the buttermon. I've no use for it."

"Gammon! Don't plague me, Mac. It'll be the best thing in the next 'Woolsack.'"

"There'll no be a next 'Woolsack,' growled McCallum. 'The Woolsack''s as dead as the heart of Daniel McCallum.'

"Dead? Stuff! Rubbish! What do you mean, Mac?"

"Just the little fuleish thing I say. 'The Woolsack''s dead; and the heart of Daniel McCallum, she's dead as well."

"Do you really mean that the paper has come to a stop, Mac?" exclaimed Arnold, aghast.

"Am I to repeat, and repeat, and repeat, with my mouth as dry as dust? I tell ye 'The Woolsack''s broke in twain; and the heart of Daniel McCallum, she's broke in twain also."

"Whew—w—w! Another string gone!" And Arnold looked blanker than he had done when Mr. Trimble gave him his *congé*.

"I'll take me back to Glasgie, and be a meenister in a comely kirk," said McCallum to himself, with no apparent relish for the prospect.

"And I'll go home and study the 'Press Directory,'" laughed Arnold, "for I must put this 'copy' in somewhere."

"But first, me dear Lee," said McCallum, earnestly, "come wi' me to the Cheese and let us drink to Glasgie and the meenisters of kirks. There's a wee of siller in the till."

"You forget, Mac, that I'm a teetotaler of six months' standing. Law wants a clearer head than journalism, you know."

"Journalism is a trade for loons; it's no for men with brains like mine. I'll be clear of it. I'll turn teetotaler too—when I'm back in Glasgie."

Arnold went back to his lodgings; a little of the sparkle out of him, but by no means dumpish.

There was a letter waiting for him. He drew sweeter breath as he read it. It was from a solicitor of high standing, whom he had met many times in the course of business, and who had more than once hinted that he could find a new berth for him when he tired of his old one. Arnold had some repute in the profession as a man who was likely to rise.

His friend wrote that he understood Mr. Lee was about to leave Messrs. Trimble and Trimble, and suggesting that, if it were the case, Mr. Lee should call on Messrs. Seeling and White at his earliest convenience.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Arnold, "a good man in law doesn't need to bite his finger-nails for employment, I can see. What do you say to this, Messrs. Trimble and Trimble! Out of your office in the morning, into another and a better in the afternoon. Come, come! I'll be married to Marian in six months."

He took up his hat to go at once to the office of Seeling and White. Decidedly the hat had grown a trifle seedy.

"No matter!" thinks Mr. Great-heart, "Seeling always wears a bad hat himself."

He was shown in at once to Mr. Seeling's private room.

"How do, Mr. Lee, how do? Take a seat, please, and excuse me one moment. So you are—eh?—they tell me you are—I hear that you are thinking of—there, I've finished—I understand that you are thinking of leaving Mr. Trimble."

"I have left him, sir."

"Already! At short notice, then. I saw you there a fortnight ago."

"I left at a week's notice, sir."

"Very short notice that, was it not?" said Mr. Seeling, raising his eyes to Arnold's.

"At my own request," answered Arnold.

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Seeling, more confidently. "Then, Mr. Lee, I am afraid I need not have troubled you to call on us. You had doubtless suited yourself elsewhere before you left Mr. Trimble."

"No, sir, I had not and have not. I am without any engagement at present."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Seeling, and brought himself to a pause.

He knew that Mr. Trimble had held a high opinion of Arnold, and had lately given him promotion; and he understood that Arnold himself had always been well satisfied with his position in the firm. Time enough, though, to discuss this.

"Well, Mr. Lee," he continued, "it happens that we have a vacancy here at this moment. One of our staff—an excellent fellow—is on the point of leaving us to commence practice on his own account. He has held the post of manager with us for some time."

Arnold intimated that up to the time of his leaving he had held a similar post with Messrs. Trimble and Trimble.

"So I understood, Mr. Lee, so I understood. Well, we have been in communication with another gentleman, who is qualified, and brings excellent credentials. He is, I should imagine, a little older than yourself; but, as you say, you have already discharged the duties of manager. We have come to no settlement with him, and I may say that, hearing you were about to make a change, neither Mr. White nor myself wished to decide until we had communicated with you."

Arnold bowed his thanks, and showed himself gratified.

They had some further talk, professional all, and dry, and Mr. Seeling decided in himself that Arnold should have the place. At length he said, "There is only one other question I need put, Mr. Lee, and that I am sure you will take as a matter of course. Your reason for leaving Mr. Trimble?"

"I could tell you at once," replied Arnold, "but I think, on consideration, that I ought rather to refer you to Mr. Trimble himself."

"Quite so," returned Mr. Seeling, perfectly satisfied. "That would, no doubt, be the best."

They shook hands, and Mr. Seeling said that Arnold might expect to hear from him before the end of the week.

Arnold went home to his lodgings. He passed his tailor's on the way, but decided that he would not order a new suit till the end of the week.

On the day but one following he received a brief, formal note, not from Mr. Seeling, but from the firm. Messrs. Seeling and White had put themselves in communication with Messrs. Trimble and Trimble, and regretted that they felt unable to continue their negotiations with Mr. Lee.

Arnold pondered the letter for twenty minutes. Should he accept defeat? Or should he strike a blow for himself? A blow, by all means!

He went straight to Seeling and White, and was shown into Mr. Seeling's room. With Mr.

Seeling he remained in close talk for a good half-hour.

At the end Mr. Seeling said, "I am glad that you came, Mr. Lee; your explanation is wholly good, I am more than satisfied with it."

"Then will you give me the managership?"

"I am sorry a thousand times that that is impossible. At Mr. White's request we wrote last night to appoint the gentleman I named to you."

CHAPTER XXIV.—MR. TRIMBLE REMEMBERS ARNOLD.

FOR a day or two Arnold's spirits were below their normal level. Under three successive strokes of fate one cannot choose but wince.

But he was bound to recover, for he felt like a man on trial, who is all the better for a clear head and a sound digestion. He applied the salve of philosophy to his wounds, and argued that a little failure is necessary at the outset, that a man may find his level and his strength. If one offer had come so quickly, there would not be long to wait for another. He had the healthy, sanguine temperament which will not whine over the irrecoverable.

Outwardly, to be sure, there was some change in Arnold since we saw him at the beginning of the year. He looked like a man who was on bad terms with his tailor. His best coat had been in daily wear these three months past, and it had seen a year's Sunday service before that. His face had lost something of its lighter look, but there was nothing of the spectre about him yet. He would have taken it unkindly if you had suggested that he was not looking quite his old self. He had settled himself in a street not five minutes' walk from the office of Trimble and Trimble in Bedford Row—a street, nevertheless, in which one who courted obscurity might hide more effectually than in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Robert Street, Bedford Row, lies at the back of and parallel with Gray's Inn Road. At one end of it there is a mews for hansom cabs, which Arnold said would be convenient when he needed to go in a hurry to accept the next situation that offered. Robert Street is short and narrow, and of an almost forbidding cleanliness. Respectable commonplace poverty, with sentiment eliminated, is stamped on every house. At midday and in the afternoon it is as deserted as Goldsmith's village. Grey-headed, lean-featured landladies hover from time to time behind their window-blinds, and peer, like Fatima, for assistance in the shape of lodgers, for lodgers are less plentiful than lodging-houses in Robert Street.

Arnold had taken a furnished room in one of these ugly brown tenements at a rent of seven shillings a week, attendance included, which meant that when one had exhausted his lungs in calling down the back stairs the landlady shot out from somewhere in the basement, and said she was too busy to go up.

To describe Arnold as comfortable in his new quarters would be to deprive him unfairly of some of the reader's sympathy. But there was nothing squalid in his surroundings. He had less space

at his disposal than is allotted to a first-class misdemeanant, and standing on tiptoe he could touch the ceiling with his head. There was no superfluous furniture in the room, and every article required careful handling.

But Georges Sand, Balzac, and Victor Hugo worked in a garret, and "Don Quixote" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" were written in a prison. Arnold remembered this, and was inclined to take himself to task for not having migrated at once to the top floor. True genius, he thought, would have scorned a lower flight. He consoled himself with the reflection that circumstances might compel him to go up higher in the course of a month or two. At the least, it was something to his credit that he had only one room.

When he had breakfasted he locked away all the valuables he possessed, and went out, ostensibly for half an hour's stroll, but in reality at the bidding of his landlady, who had intimated on the morning after his arrival that she couldn't have no gents about when she was bedmaking.

Having taken his constitutional, willy-nilly, he seated himself at his table, and spent the morning in writing. Most of his work was speculative at present, the untimely death of the "Wool-sack" having cut the ground from under his feet so far as journalism was concerned. But he set himself to turn out a certain quantity of "copy" every morning, and plied his pen from nine o'clock till one.

He had finished his writing one morning, about ten days after the earthquake described in the last chapter, and putting the result aside, sat down again to consider the situation from a financial standpoint. He took out pencil and paper and drew up his budget. It was by no means an unsatisfactory one.

He had in hand a sum of nearly £50. The whole of this was to have been devoted to paying off the debt to Mr. Trimble, and the question Arnold submitted to himself was the use to which this money should be put in the present condition of affairs.

Should he hand it over to his creditor?

On full consideration, no. For to do this would be to beggar himself at a stroke, he being at the moment without a livelihood.

Arnold considered that if he paid away this £50, which was capital and income both, he might be putting it out of his power to liquidate the remainder of the debt.

Better hold it, for at the present low rate of his expenditure it would keep him above water for some months to come. In that time something could and must be wrested from the hand of fortune, and once in the swim of professional work again it would be easy to settle with Mr. Trimble. The collapse of the chair he was sitting on interrupted his speculations.

He was on his knees putting it to rights when he became aware that some one had entered the room and was standing behind him.

He turned and saw Jones.

Arnold's gorge rose; a feeling of unmitigated contempt surged in him. Here was a man to whom ten days ago he had given a semi-public

chastisement. He had seen Jones writhe and grow white and his eyes shoot hatred under the whip; yet here was Jones, soft, suave, and smiling, as though they had parted brothers. One would have hanged a spaniel had he proved so much a spaniel.

"Shall I kick Jones?" thought Arnold. No; why put a compliment on him? "Have you any business with me?" he asked.

Mr. Jones looked quite the genteel ambassador. There was a summer-like air of prosperity about him; his tailor had made him an ideal manager.

"Let the general build of the coat be managerial, with just a dash of insouciance in the trimmings," he had said to his tailor.

"Have you any business with me?" inquired Arnold.

"Business? Oh, dear boy! Fie! Never business with any one outside the shop, you know. Touching up the furniture a little?"

"If you have no business with me you can go," returned Arnold.

"I take that as very unkind," said Jones. "If I were proud I might come here to demand an apology; if I were disposed for litigation I might come to threaten you with an action for libel—"

"I'll meet you there, when you like, Jones."

"No, dear boy, you will not meet me there, for I bear no malice, and ask nothing but friendship. I remember nothing. You were a little outrageous the other day. What of it? You were under the wind, and perhaps Trim had been a little too hard on you. I always told him so. I liked your spirit."

"You looked as if you liked it," said Arnold.

"Just so. I knew you'd think better of it when you came to yourself. I never mind what a man says at those times. I'd have said the same myself. Not but what I think it was a pity, you know; it did get Trim's back up so. And Trim has such a standing in the profession; he can do a man no end of harm when he takes a spite against him."

Arnold thought of the abrupt termination of his negotiations with Seeling and White, but said,

"Mr. Trimble is a gentleman, Jones, which perhaps is more than could be said for some of his advisers."

"Meaning me? Oh, come, come! Why, I have not stopped talking to him about you since you left."

"I don't doubt you."

"Ah, but not in the way you mean. Why, Trim's been blazing against you ever since. There's that little debt, you know. Not that I've let him say much to me about it; no affair of mine. But Trim will talk, don't you see, and he has let out that he thinks you don't mean to pay him. Now if I were you I'd do something in the humble way; sing small for a while. It doesn't hurt; I've done it myself before now."

"You have," said Arnold, "you have, Jones."

"Yes, and it's paid me, hasn't it? Who's the manager now? You hold your head too high, dear boy. Now, just take my line for a bit.

Write something pious to Trim; say you feel sure you were wrong in putting the blame on me. Trim would make it up with you in no time, and you'd find yourself in another berth in a week."

"Or, better still, your character would be cleared before Mr. Trimble. You know me better than that, Jones. What I said I meant, and I stand to it. As for me, I can take care of myself. As for you, you had better improve that talent for singing small, for I fancy you'll need it. You have got the whip-hand now; how you managed to get it I have told both you and Trimble. Keep it as long as you can. If Trimble sent you sneaking here to look after his money—though I don't believe it—you can say that the debt is a good deal safer with me than it would be with you. And you can go."

"Go's the word, then; I hate to stay when I'm not wanted. Take note, dear boy, that I go like a friend, without reproaches. And—oh! wait a minute, though: a little present from Trim. He begged me to be sure and give it into your own hands."

So saying Mr. Jones drew out of his pocket a good-sized white document, which he handed to Arnold, who perceived at a glance that it was of legal import. Arnold received it coolly.

"So this was your business, was it? You came to serve me with a writ," he said.

"Always better that these things should be done in a friendly way, don't you think?" smiled Mr. Jones. "I thought it rather kind of Trim to let me take it. Gave me a chance of looking you up, and showing I bear no malice. Any answer?"

"If there is I'll send it. Now, will you go?"

But Mr. Jones had already skipped away, and was heard as he went downstairs complimenting the landlady on the neatness of her house—a compliment she must have found it difficult to swallow.

Arnold opened and looked at Mr. Trimble's present with a very strange feeling in his heart. He scarcely believed what his own eyes revealed to him. Had Trimble resolved to crush him? and was this the method he had chosen?

Here is a facsimile of the document with which Jones had been entrusted, and which that prince amongst friends had carried with so much goodwill.

1884.—T.—No. 002.

In the High Court of Justice.

QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

Between *Rupert Trimble,*

AND

Arnold Lee,

PLAINTIFF

DEFENDANT

Victorin, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, To *Arnold Lee, of 201,*

Robert Street, Bedford Row, in the County of Middlesex.

We command you, That within Eight Days after the Service of this Writ on you, inclusive of the day of such Service, you cause an Appearance to be entered for you in an Action at the Suit of *Rupert Trimble, of Bedford Row, in the said County.*

And take notice that in default of your so doing the Plaintiff may proceed therein, and Judgment may be given in your absence. Witness, *ROUNDELL, EARL OF SELBORNE*, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, the 20th day of *June*, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

N.B.—This Writ is to be served within TWELVE Calendar Months from the date thereof, or, if renewed, within SIX Calendar Months from the date of the last renewal, including the day of such date, and not afterwards.

The Defendant may appear hereto by entering Appearance, either personally or by Solicitor, at the Central Office, Royal Courts of Justice, London.

STATEMENT OF CLAIM.

The Plaintiff's Claim is *for £250 for money lent.*

Particulars:

£250 lent by Plaintiff to Defendant on the 29th December, 1883.

(Signed) *Rupert Trimble.*

And the sum of £ : : (or such sum as may be allowed on taxation) for Costs. If the amount claimed be paid to the Plaintiff within four days from the Service hereof, further proceedings will be stayed.

This Writ was issued by *Rupert Trimble,* of *004, Bedford Row,*

whose Address for Service is *as aforesaid,* the said Plaintiff.

This Writ was served by me at *201, Robert Street, Bedford Row,* on the Defendant *Arnold Lee,* on *Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1884.*

Indorsed the *25th day of June, 1884.*

(Signed) *J. T. Jones,*

(Address) *004, Bedford Row.*

No need to tell Arnold what this meant. It was the first step to Bankruptcy.

CHAPTER XXV.—HABET!

ARNOLD foresaw that there would be no escape. On to this rock of bankruptcy he must inevitably be driven.

To avoid it by payment of the debt was impossible. £50 was all his fortune; he would be stripped of that, and when they had beggared him bankruptcy would follow; and bankruptcy marks the scutcheon of the professional man with the bar sinister. He had no choice but to wait the course of events. He knew what this would be, and winced in anticipation.

Mr. Rupert Trimble meanwhile sat like a spider in the centre of his web, and watched for a move on the part of the victim. He knew that Arnold could not free himself from the meshes he had put about him.

The hand of Jones was at work in this ungenerous scheme. Left alone, Trimble would by-and-by have regretted his dismissal of Arnold. He would not have recalled him, but he would have helped him secretly, and in all probability would have flatly refused to accept further payment of the debt.

Jones knew the sympathetic as well as the bilious moods of his principal, and meant that the latter should be uppermost until Arnold was fairly disposed of. He represented that Arnold had probably brought his dismissal on himself with the deliberate intent of escaping payment of the debt by getting clear away from Mr. Trimble's power.

"He meant to move off quietly and set up in practice for himself under another name, sir," said Jones.

By much falsification and malicious suggestion of this sort he kept Mr. Trimble's anger smoking against Arnold, and drew him on to set the law in motion.

"Such conduct deserves to be made an example of. I'll bring him to his senses," said the solicitor; and the bankruptcy of Arnold was determined on.

Arnold entered no appearance, and the eight days of grace went by. Mr. Trimble signed judgment, and execution issued.

By-and-by Arnold received notice of a petition in bankruptcy, filed by Mr. Trimble. Knowing the various steps in the process, he again decided that action on his part was useless. He could not ward off the final stroke, and had nothing to gain by delay.

He saw himself gazetted. This was the beginning of publicity, and Arnold's cheeks tingled as he thought of the friends at home and abroad who would read his humiliation in print. They would all see it, he felt sure; they would be astonished, shocked, shamed; and the barren satisfaction of explanation was forbidden him.

The sordid business of stripping and breaking the poor boy was now in full progress. He had to present himself before the official receiver to make a statement of his affairs. This was a bluff good-natured person, who looked on bankruptcy as a more or less indispensable part of the practical education of man, and treated Arnold with some

show of respect as a young gentleman who had begun his training in good time.

"Nothing like it to open a man's eyes," said the receiver. "But I don't like to see them putting it off too long. Get it over soon and you're all the better for it. It's like the measles. You have them as a baby, and they don't amount to much. You have them twenty years after, and may be they do for you. Liabilities two-fifty; assets five-and-forty. Do you want an allowance?"

The receiver, when he has effectually spoiled the victim, is authorised to make him an allowance pending the winding-up of his affairs; as they used to keep alive on bread and water certain prisoners who were destined to be tortured to death.

Arnold, however, had reserved something less than five pounds for his immediate necessities, and declined the offer of an allowance.

This the receiver thought a mistake, and told him so; but Arnold thanked his friend and said he had sufficient for present requirements.

"Very good; we'll keep this little lot for the creditor. Only one creditor, by the way; that's rather odd, isn't it?"

But Arnold was not disposed to gossip, and said he believed there was no further business to be done.

"Not at present; you'll get your notice of the public examination, you know."

The public examination—the stage of bankruptcy itself—was all that now remained to be gone through.

Arnold awaited his summons, and received it in due course. He was to present himself at the office of the registrar in Portugal Street, there to undergo examination in the interests of the creditor.

Arnold had been present at one of these inquisitorial functions not long since in behalf of Mr. Trimble, a principal creditor then as he was the sole creditor now, and he did not relish the prospect.

The public examination is a sort of legal bullfight, on a small and vulgar scale, the defendant being in the place of the bull, while the gentlemen with the little biting darts are represented by the creditors. The show is presided over by the registrar, who sees that the bull is properly goaded before he himself dispatches him.

On the morning of the sacrifice Arnold received a letter from Marian, in answer to the one he had written her some time before. Marian had not replied as soon as she intended; Gilbert Reade had taken that plunge of his in the meantime, and her letter to Arnold had been penned amid very conflicting feelings.

It was not the buoyant, girlish letter Arnold had been used to receive from her in days gone by. Tenderness was not wanting, but the tone was restrained, and something lacked which Arnold was puzzled to account for. She seemed to have written under nervous pressure of some sort, and spoke throughout of being anxious to return home as quickly as possible. Altogether the letter went some way to mystify Arnold, and

the first reading gave him a vague feeling of disquiet. He was much more concerned about Marian than about his public examination.

But he had no time then for a second reading, so, putting the letter in his pocket, he set off for Portugal Street.

He wondered whether Mr. Trimble would meet him in person. The solicitor, as Arnold knew, had no taste for these affairs, and had generally, when concerned in a case of bankruptcy, been represented by one of his clerks. Arnold in this instance would have preferred to encounter Mr. Trimble himself. The registrar, whom Arnold had met before in more agreeable circumstances, sat to receive him in a dingy room in his office in Portugal Street. He offered a word or two of polite condolence, which the official receiver, who was beside him, appeared to regard as superfluous. He on his part gave Arnold a pleasant nod, which seemed to say, "Plenty of sport directly. Glad you've come early."

The registrar said the weather looked more settled.

Arnold said the glass was falling, and there would probably be rain before night.

The registrar said he was sorry to hear it.

The official receiver said it did not seem to make much difference to business whether it rained, snowed, or blowed.

But just then the door opened and Mr. Jones ushered himself in with a smile in which sympathy for the defendant was blended with a consciousness of the rectitude of his own mission.

"I am here for Mr. Trimble," said Mr. Jones, bowing to the registrar. "Ah, Lee; how do? Mr. Trimble requested me to take the little matter in hand, though of course I would rather he had come himself. But we shall make it as simple and pleasant as possible, I am sure."

"Mr. Trimble is a principal creditor, I believe?" said the registrar.

"He is the only creditor," replied Mr. Jones.

"The only creditor! This is unusual," said the registrar.

"Yes; rather a singular, and, in some respects, a painful, case," observed Mr. Jones, in an undertone, to the registrar, who merely bowed.

The official receiver reported assets of £45, against liabilities of £250.

"Mr. Lee is or was in the service of Mr. Trimble, I think?" remarked the registrar.

Arnold replied that he had been in Mr. Trimble's service until very recently.

"Is there any statement you would like to make, Mr. Lee?" inquired the registrar.

Arnold answered that he had very little to say. "Mr. Trimble," he continued, "advanced me an amount of £250 some months ago for a private purpose, which I was unable to explain to him. There were misunderstandings between us subsequently in regard to the work of the office, and I left Mr. Trimble a short time since. I commenced the repayment of the loan within a week from the day of receiving it, and the repayments were continued up to the date of my leaving Mr. Trimble's office. I am without employment at the

moment, but it was my intention to commence the repayments again as soon as I should be in a position to do so. I have nothing to add, except that these proceedings have taken me entirely by surprise, that I regard them as wholly uncalled for, and, I may say, unjust."

"You have received £45 from Mr. Lee, I think you said, Mr. Green," observed the registrar to the official receiver.

"Forty-five," replied that functionary.

"And you say, Mr. Lee, that you were making your repayments regularly up to the time when you left Mr. Trimble?"

"Regularly," answered Arnold. "I was sacrificing the larger portion of my income with a view to clearing myself of the debt."

"Then I confess," said the registrar, turning to Mr. Jones as the creditor's representative, "I confess that I do not understand these proceedings."

"I can assure you in Mr. Trimble's behalf," replied Mr. Jones, "that they were undertaken by him with the greatest unwillingness. I have a rather unpleasant duty to perform here, but it is a duty, and I must not neglect it. Mr. Lee, I should perhaps say, has chosen to hold me in some way responsible for the displeasure he incurred at Mr. Trimble's hands. Mr. Trimble is as fully convinced as I am myself that Mr. Lee's suspicions are unfounded, but the fact that (as I believe) he still cherishes them makes my position here one of some delicacy."

"Pardon me if I suggest that your position here is not precisely the subject we are met to inquire into," said the registrar.

"Precisely," returned Jones. "But I thought it necessary to explain this much. I believe I have a right, in the creditor's interest, to put some questions to the bankrupt?"

"Yes, you may do so," answered the registrar; "but perhaps, in the circumstances, Mr. Lee will volunteer some further statement in reference to the loan."

"I am afraid I can make no statement other than the one you have just had from me," said Arnold.

"I really must, in Mr. Trimble's behalf, press for some explanation of the way in which this large sum of money has been spent," said Jones. "Mr. Trimble may fairly demand to know that it has not been squandered or used for any dishonourable object."

"It has not been squandered nor used dishonourably," answered Arnold.

"Then why need you hesitate to give the court some account of the expenditure?"

"The money was used for a purely private purpose. I cannot at present state what that purpose was."

"Let me urge you, in your own interest, Mr. Lee, to say a little more," put in the registrar.

"Your way of living," said Mr. Jones, "would that account for any extraordinary expenditure?"

"My way of living has been that of a man whose income covered, and no more than covered, the simplest and most necessary expenses."

"You are not addicted, I believe, to—
gambling, for example?"

"I do not gamble."

"And I think I may say that you have always
borne a character for sobriety?"

"I have deserved it."

"Then the 'private' object you speak of,"
persisted Jones, "can scarcely be described as a
personal one?"

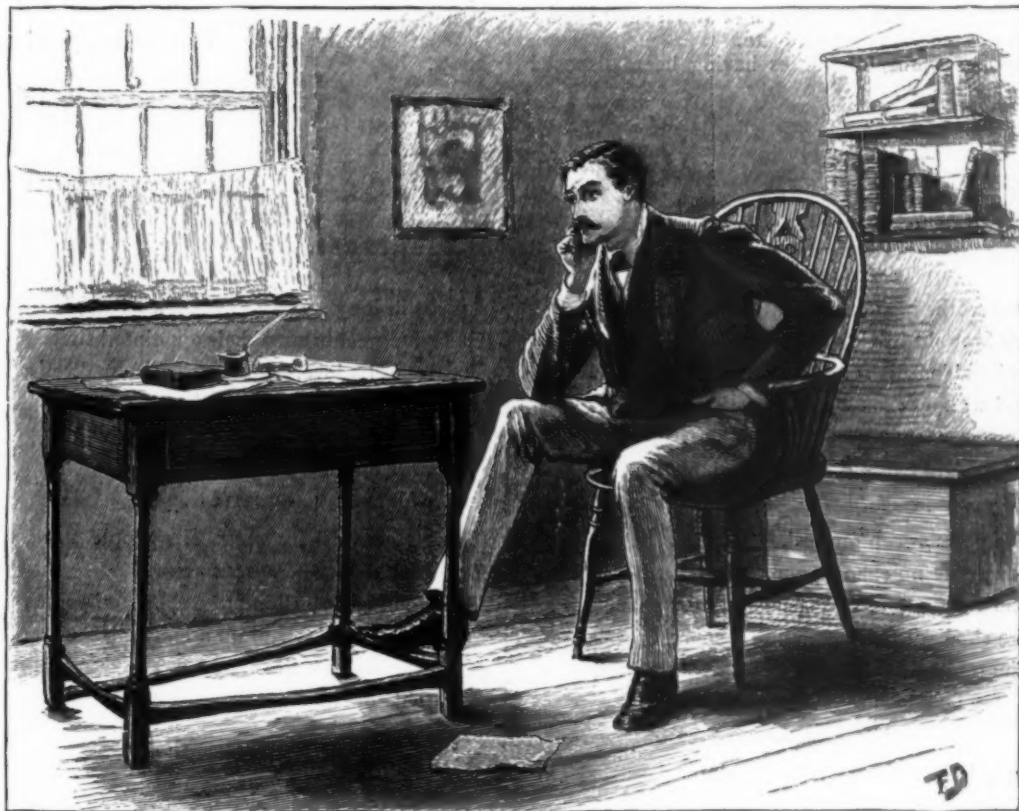
"I did not use the money for myself."

"Now, really, I think you ought, in fairness to
Mr. Trimble, to volunteer some explanation of
your expenditure of his loan. It was an act of
kindness on his part, you must admit, to advance

full an explanation as the creditor's representative
was justified in demanding. In these circum-
stances he had no alternative but to adjourn the
matter.

CHAPTER XXVI.—WHAT NEXT?

SO it has ended pretty well after all? The
matter is adjourned, the registrar is kindly
disposed, and means to give Arnold another
chance of clearing himself. At the next meeting
he will be able to show the iniquity of the whole
proceedings, and they will not make a bankrupt
of him at all.



"WHAT NEXT?"

this sum of money with nothing more than your
personal security for its repayment."

"It was a great act of kindness, but I can only
repeat that I did not ask for the money for myself."

"And you will tell us no more than this?"

"I am not able to say more."

Mr. Jones made a gesture which signified
that he had done the best he could with a very
bad case, and must leave the rest to the regis-
trar.

That functionary looked annoyed. The pro-
ceedings puzzled him, he said. The case
appeared to be a painful one, but the creditor was
entitled to the protection of the court, and he
could not think that the defendant had given as

The wiseacre who reasons thus is entitled, from
the standpoint of the official receiver, to a certain
amount of sympathy, for he has clearly not been
through the Court of Bankruptcy, and his educa-
tion is therefore incomplete.

Arnold knew much better than this. The mat-
ter was not really adjourned at all; it was, to every
intent and purpose, ended.

"Adjournment" is the most dread sentence a
bankrupt can receive. It means that the registrar
is not satisfied with the defendant's explanation,
and declines to give him a certificate.

Now bankruptcy, which means, literally, the
breaking of one's "bench," is a bad state in all
conscience, but bankruptcy minus a certificate is

seven times worse. In some cases it signifies nothing less than ruin; it signified nothing less than this to Arnold, for it not only put a brand upon him—it deprived him of the right and power to practise in his profession. He was a dishonoured man, and a man whose right hand had been severed.

Thus effectually had Mr. Trimble, aided and abetted by Jones, contrived to lay Arnold in the dust.

When trades unions were young and savage, men who transgressed their laws were blown up with gunpowder or otherwise physically corrected. How much more refined a mode of chastening your enemy to make him pass through the Court of Bankruptcy in circumstances which shall ensure his not receiving a certificate.

Some slight formalities having been disposed

of, Arnold quitted the office of the registrar and returned to his lodging. His mind was dulled, but not so much so that he failed to realise the completeness of his ruin. Had he not steeled his heart, he would have sat down and cried like a child. Fame, fortune, and future had been cut from him at a stroke.

But just now he thought nothing of these—he thought only of Marian, between whom and himself the registrar in bankruptcy had set a deep and impassable gulf. He sat down and wrote a letter to his uncle, giving as full an account of his trouble as he felt justified in committing to paper. He added that, until he had completely righted himself, his friends at home would not hear of him again.

What step the next? That he really did not know.

Quietness and Assurance.

God works in silence, and His vast designs
Are brought to pass in quietness and peace;
Unheralded the sun comes forth at morn,
And without tumult on the nations shines;
Unwept again his ministrations cease,
And twilight worlds are born.

The years sweep onward, but their chariot wheels
Vouchsafe no echo to our yearning call;
The swift attendant seasons as they pass
Are shod with silence, and no sound reveals
The rapid hours, whose steps are as the fall
Of snowflakes on the grass.

In quietness through dreary winter days
The buds of next year's summer take their rest,
Assured of happy waking by-and-bye;
Though long the sweetness of the spring delays,
Though tempests move in wrath from east to west,
They neither strive nor cry.

Patient in long reserve of hidden power,
God's judgments tarry their appointed time,
But from His love, wherein all fulness dwells,
Mute tokens come about us hour by hour,
In silence sweeter than the voiceless chime
Of fragrant lily bells.

The perfect bliss for which His people crave,
The final victory—He sees across
The cloud and sunshine of a thousand years;
While the frail garland on a baby's grave
May circumscribe life's utmost gain and loss
To eyes grown dim with tears!

Oh, troubled heart, no storms of adverse fate,
No wave of circumstance may overleap
The jasper borders of eternity;
Acquaint thyself with Him, and soon or late
He shall appoint a resting-place for sleep
Wherein no dreams shall be.

He giveth quietness and peace serene
Here and hereafter, unto those who rest
Soul-centred on His own eternal calm;
While sweet assurance entering realms unseen
Leads onward to the triumph of the blest,
The white robe and the palm!

MARY ROWLES.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. M. CRIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

DURHAM.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

THE name of the county of Durham shows that it has a history peculiar to itself. It is never called a *shire*, and in this is like many other counties. But all the other counties which are not called shires are remains of old kingdoms or mark old tribal settlements. When the old kingdoms were divided for administrative purposes the divisions were called *shires*, because they were *sheared*, or cut off, from an older unit. Thus, when we speak of Leicestershire, we go back to a time when the district round Leicester was, from reasons of convenience, made into a

province or department of the English kingdom. Now Durham was a part of the old kingdom of Northumberland, but it does not mark any tribal settlement. It came to be a separate division of England in a way of its own. In the middle of the Northumbrian kingdom a large tract of land was divided from the rest for special reasons, and its peculiar existence was convenient in so many ways that it was allowed to remain in its old fashion till quite recent times.

The county of Durham was in old days called "The Bishopric," and its people were known as

"the men of the Bishopric." It was the land belonging to the great Church of Durham. It was the patrimony of St. Cuthbert, in the same way as the country near Rome was known as the patrimony of St. Peter. There is nothing strange that in early times lands should be given to a church. Large tracts of land lay unoccupied and well-nigh waste. It was better that they should be inhabited, and the clergy were more likely to bring them into order than were other lords. So when the missionary bishop Aidan came from Iona and set up his Church at Lindisfarne it was quite natural that King Oswald should give the Church the lands that lay between Lindisfarne and the Tweed. There, in 830, a bishop of Lindisfarne built a church in the Tweed valley, at a spot where he meant to make a settlement in the north, and which changed its name in consequence to Norham. The possessions of the see of Lindisfarne were in after times divided into two parts, known by the names of Northumbria and Islandshire, the districts round Norham and Holy Island. These long remained part of the Bishopric, and went by the name of North Durham. They were not annexed to the county of Northumberland till 1844.

The Church of Lindisfarne received greater importance from the love and reverence which men felt for its holy bishop Cuthbert. His tomb was visited by many pilgrims, and a splendid shrine was raised over it. St. Cuthbert became the patron saint of northern England, and the place where his glory rested was famous throughout Christendom. But evil days came upon Northumberland. The pirates of the North Sea, in their long boats, ravaged the English shore, and in 793 laid waste and pillaged the monastery of Lindisfarne. The monks were scattered, but presently ventured back and built again their ruined home. They were not long allowed to dwell in peace. Again the Northmen returned, but this time they came as a conquering host. In 875 Bishop Eardulf and his monks resolved to flee from Lindisfarne and seek a place where they might dwell in safety. Taking with them the remains of St. Cuthbert, they set forth on their pilgrimage. Seven years they wandered, but peace was nowhere to be found. Once they resolved to seek refuge in Ireland; but scarce was their boat put out to sea before a violent storm arose and drove them back to the shore. Eardulf took this as a sign that St. Cuthbert did not wish to leave his native land. Again he commenced his wanderings, and finally settled at Craike, in Yorkshire, a village which also formed part of the patrimony of St. Cuthbert.

The first check to the successes of the heathen Danes was given by the West Saxon king, Alfred, in 872. The Danish king made peace and became a Christian. The Danish raids began to give way to peaceful settlement. When the monks of Lindisfarne at last fixed their abode at Craike, they hoped that the rule of heathendom was past, and that the Danes would look with reverence on their sacred calling. Their hopes were fulfilled beyond their expectation. Just at that time the Northern host of the Danes had lost their leader,

Halfdene, and a disputed succession seemed likely to lead to a civil war. This prospect was unwelcome alike to the Danish chiefs in the north, to their brethren in the south, and to King Alfred, who wished for a time of quiet in which to reorganise his power in Wessex. They all combined to bring about a peaceful settlement, and used for this purpose the good offices of the monks at Craike, who were already looked upon with respect by the common folk. The story runs that the Abbot of Lindisfarne came before the Danish leaders and told them that St. Cuthbert had appeared to him in a dream, saying that a youth, by name Guthred, son of a former chieftain, who had been sold into slavery, should be redeemed, and be taken as the Danish king. Most probably the choice of Guthred was a compromise acceptable to the other claimants. Guthred had been sold to a widow woman who dwelt at Whittingham, near the foot of the Cheviot Hills. There he had been taught the doctrines of Christ, and had learned to reverence St. Cuthbert and his followers. When he became king he was grateful to the monks for what they had done, and by King Alfred's advice granted to them all the land between the Wear and the Tyne. This grant of Guthred to St. Cuthbert's monks was the origin of the Bishopric, or the county of Durham. It was a grant which cost the Danes little. They did not need the northern lands for their settlements, which were mostly made in the southern part of the Northumbrian kingdom, which is now called Yorkshire. The district between the Wear and the Tyne was not particularly attractive to the settler; it mainly consisted of moorland, forest, and marsh. The Danes found it convenient to have a neutral land between their own settlements and the lawless north, where the old Northumbrian princes still ruled their wasted territory as tributaries to the Danish kingdom. To make the lands of St. Cuthbert still more sacred, the right of sanctuary for thirty-seven days was given to any one who fled for refuge to St. Cuthbert's tomb.

The monks of Lindisfarne chose as their resting-place in their new territory, Chester-le-Street, the site of a Roman camp on an old Roman road. There they built a little wooden church, which was for a hundred years the seat of the bishopric. But Denmark and Norway were still dangerous neighbours to England. Their population grew and was adventurous. The armies of the Danes and Norsemen again landed upon the English coast, bent upon conquest. Northumberland was harried and England was without a leader. Again in 995 the monks of St. Cuthbert carried away the body of their patron saint and fled from Chester-le-Street to Ripon. In a few months they recovered from their panic and resolved to seek again the home which they had left. As they journeyed back, the oxen which drew the waggon that bore St. Cuthbert's body suddenly stood still. Nothing could make them move; no force could stir the waggon. Bishop Aldhun bade his brethren fast and pray that the meaning of this portent might be revealed. On the third night—so runs the tradition—St. Cuth-

bert in a dream bade one of the monks take his body to Dunhelm. They had much difficulty in finding out what spot was meant. At last a woman milking a cow told them that Dunhelm was the name of a hill by the side of the Wear. Dunhelm, which was softened into Durham, means the hill fortress. It is a bold cliff round which the Wear circles on three sides, so as almost to make it an island. It was a strong position for defence, and a lovely site for a monastery. The men of the Tyne and the Coquet lent their aid to clear away the trees from the rough hill-top. A chapel of boughs was rudely built as a resting-place for St. Cuthbert's body. Even Uhtred, the son of the Northumbrian earl, came to help the monks in their buildings, which rapidly rose. In 1004 Durham was a place of sufficient importance to be besieged by the Scots. But Uhtred gathered forces and came to its aid. The Scots were defeated, and Uhtred celebrated his victory in barbaric fashion. The heads of the handsomest among the fallen were cut off and fixed on the walls of Durham. Four women were employed to wash these ghastly trophies and plait their long hair. Each received a cow as wages for her work.

After its establishment at Durham the Church of St. Cuthbert rapidly grew in importance. Its possessions gradually extended by gifts at different times, till almost all the land between the Wear and Tees depended also on the Bishopric. Its privileges were observed and grew venerable by prescription.

When the Norman William made good by the sword his claim to the English throne, the old

pared to obey. In 1069 King William exercised his sovereignty by appointing one of his followers,



NORMAN DOOR AT DURHAM.

Northumbrian kingdom stood aloof. Bishop Egelwin, it is true, made submission to the Conqueror; but the men of the north were not pre-

pared to obey. In 1069 King William exercised his sovereignty by appointing one of his followers, Robert of Comines, Earl of Northumberland. Robert, with a small body of troops, advanced in the depth of winter, plundering and slaughtering

as though he were in an enemy's land. Bishop Egelwin went out to meet him, and warned him of the risk which he was running. Robert made light of the warning, and entered Durham, where he was the bishop's guest. In the night the men of Northumberland gathered to take vengeance on the spoiler. They burst open the city gates, slew the Norman soldiers, and set fire to the bishop's house, which Robert tried to hold. The Normans were all slain; but the men of the Bishopric saw with horror that the flames were spreading from the bishop's house to the adjoining Church of St. Cuthbert. Terrified, they fell on their knees and prayed. The wind changed, and the western tower of the church was saved from its danger.

William's answer to the rebellious north was sharp and stern. He wrought such havoc in the land round about that Bishop Egelwin again fled with St. Cuthbert's body and sought shelter at Lindisfarne. Most of his flock followed his example, and made for the hills. When William crossed the Tees he found a land well-nigh deserted, but he did not on that account stay his hand. Houses were burnt, even churches were not spared. The Church of Durham alone was not destroyed, and it became the refuge of the sick and dying. When Egelwin returned to his wasted see he gathered together such treasures as he could find and quitted the scene of desolation.

King William appointed the next Bishop of Durham. He saw the use of the ecclesiastical organisation as a means of bringing the country into order. He sent to Durham a priest of Lorraine, Walcher by name, and for him he built by the side of St. Cuthbert's Church a strong castle after the Norman fashion. There Walcher might be in safety amongst his rebellious flock. During his stay at Durham in 1072 King William confirmed all the rights and privileges of the patrimony of St. Cuthbert. He had no motive for changing the old state of things. The land of England must be committed to lords who would hold it under the king, and who were responsible for keeping order and raising troops in time of need. For these purposes a bishop was more useful than a lay lord. Durham lay close to the Scottish border, and was a place of great importance. The lands and power of a lord passed on from father to son; bishops had no heirs to succeed them. On every vacancy the king could exercise his influence on the election, and so could in some degree secure a man whom he could trust. William I was content to leave undisturbed the lands of the Bishopric.

The rights and privileges of the Bishopric were vague and indefinite in the old English days. The Normans were skilled in organisation; they were precise and legal. In their legal language the patrimony of St. Cuthbert ranked as a County Palatine. The bishop was its earl, with special powers conferred on him by the king. He had, within his county, all the power of the king. "Whatever the king has outside the county of Durham the bishop has inside it," was the legal maxim which defined the bishop's power. Hence the Bishop of Durham had his own Courts of Justice, and appointed his own officers. Writs ran in

his name, and he had the right of giving pardon for offences. He coined his own money and granted charters at his will. He held councils of the nature of parliaments, and created barons of the Palatinate by summons to his councils. In fact he was a little king, surrounded by a little court of his own.

These powers can have meant little to Bishop Walcher when first he came into his wasted lands, where little peace awaited him. The last of the old English lords, Waltheof, was made Earl of Northumberland, but was accused of plotting against the king, and was executed in 1075. Bishop Walcher was appointed earl in his stead, and had enough to do in trying to defend his earldom from the ravages of the Scots and in quieting an unruly people. This last task proved impossible. The men of Northumberland took offence at some action of the bishop, and slew him and his men at Gateshead, whither he had summoned them to meet him. The rioters tried to seize the Castle of Durham, but the stout building of the Normans was too strong for them. Again Northumberland was harried, and peace was restored by a strong hand.

King William chose as Walcher's successor William, Prior of the monastery of St. Carilef in Maine. William of St. Carilef gave to the city of Durham the features which have distinguished it since his time. He built the chief part of the great cathedral which rises over the Wear, and which is one of the noblest buildings that England possesses. Moreover, he arranged the monks of St. Cuthbert according to a new plan, which had many important results.

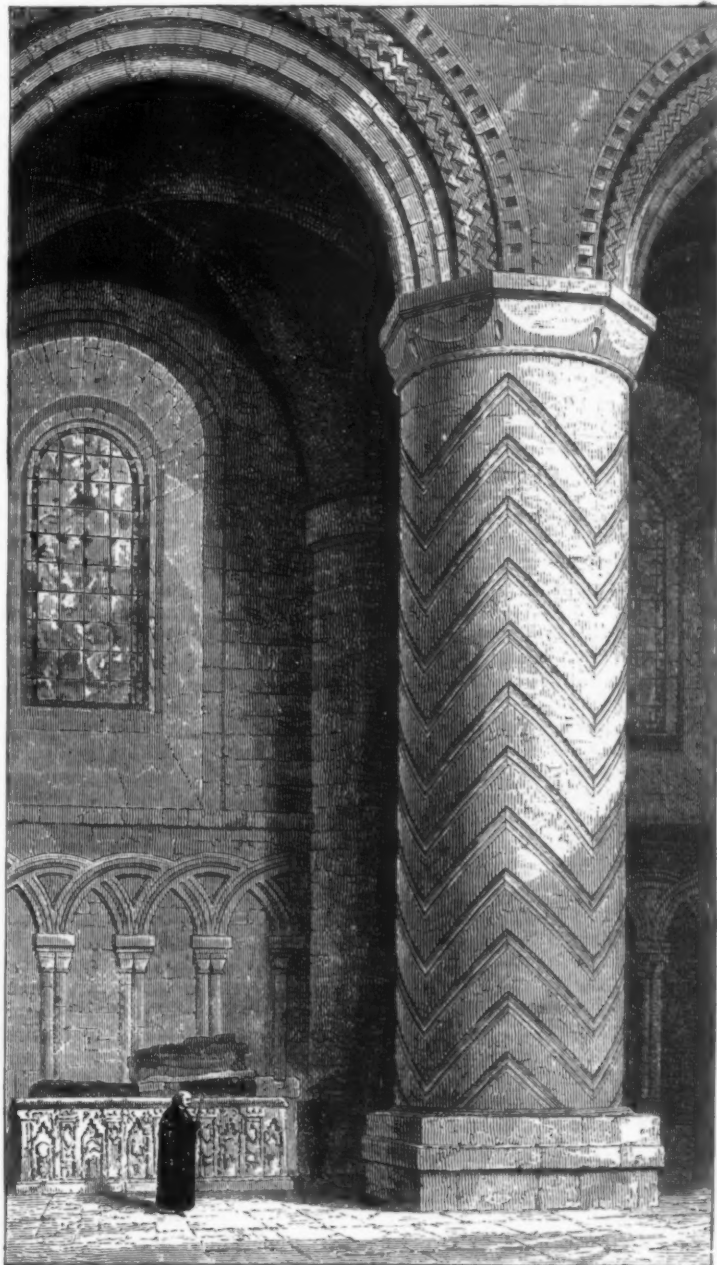
The old monastic system which had been established at Lindisfarne had long since died away before the ravages of the Danes. The monasteries were burnt, and the monks were scattered. Those who followed St. Cuthbert's body had ceased to observe any monastic rules. They were priests who lived together and mixed with others as they pleased. Many of them were married. They were simply the body of clergy attached to a great church. But in the days of Bishop Walcher there had been a monastic revival. Three monks in the southern abbeys of Winchcombe and Evesham had read in the history of Bede the great doings of Northumbrian monasteries in the olden times. They put their little luggage on the back of a donkey and set out to revive the spirit that had decayed. After a long journey they reached Wearmouth and Jarrow, which they found in ruins. Bishop Walcher befriended them and gave them Jarrow and its land. Their teaching and example found many followers. Jarrow, Wearmouth, Whitby, and Melrose again became centres of monastic life. Bishop Walcher thought of setting up a monastery at Durham, and Bishop William carried out his plan. The clergy of the Church of Durham were bidden to chose whether they would become monks or retire. A monastery was built adjoining the cathedral, and because there was not enough money to maintain more than one great monastery, Jarrow and Wearmouth were made small dependencies. The monks of Durham were ordered to live according to the

rule of St. Benedict, the great founder of monasteries in the West. The bishop ranked as abbot of the monastery, which was governed under him by a prior elected by the monks.

This system of a cathedral and a monastery joined together, this union of the duties of a bishop and abbot, is peculiar to England, where it was largely introduced after the Norman Conquest. It led to many curious results. Monasteries became powerful corporations, and obtained from the Pope exemptions from the power of the bishop. The prior, who was always there, became the real head of the monastery rather than the bishop, who was frequently absent on business of State. The monastery grew more and more independent and powerful. There were constant quarrels between the prior and the bishop. Sometimes these disputes led to scenes of violence and bloodshed. They always led to endless law-suits, appeals to the king, and appeals to the Pope. The townsmen sometimes took part with one side and sometimes with another. The whole neighbourhood was divided into parties. Ecclesiastical rule was not much more peaceful than secular rule. It afforded ample scope for turbulent spirits. It is the custom nowadays to speak of the dulness of cathedral towns. They were by no means wanting in excitement in former days.

It would be long to tell the tale of all the prince-bishops of Durham and their doings. Some, however, were men of great mark in the history of England, notably Ralf Flambard, who succeeded William of St. Carilef in 1099. Flambard is notorious as the unscrupulous minister of the rapacious King William Rufus, whom he helped in his tyrannical exactions, and from whom he received the Bishopric as a reward. He was so generally hated that Henry I, on his accession, imprisoned him at London in the Tower. The bishop, however, managed to have a rope sent to him in a flagon of wine. He regaled his guards with the wine till they fell asleep; then he escaped from the window of his cell by the help of the rope. His friends were waiting for him, and he

escaped to Normandy, where the king's brother Robert took him under his protection. When Robert invaded England Flambard came with him, and one of the terms of peace between Robert and Henry I was Flambard's restoration to his see. Flambard came back to Durham a better man. He set to work at building the cathedral, and almost finished it. He also built the great Castle of Norham, on the Tweed, to be a defence against the Scots. He was a man of restless energy, which must find some sort of employment. As he grew



IN THE NAVE.

old he became more bountiful towards the poor and needy, and died a penitent for his early misdeeds.

The history of Durham gives us a vivid picture of the anarchy and confusion of the reign of Stephen. On a vacancy of the Bishopric, a Scot, William Comyn, seized on the Castle of Durham and strove to have himself elected bishop by the monks. The Scottish king helped him, for he wished to join the Bishopric to Scotland. Stephen was helpless, and only the constancy of the monks saved Durham from its danger. The monks for three years refused to elect, and were kept closely guarded by Comyn within their monastery walls. At last a few of them managed to escape to York, where they elected as their bishop William de St. Barbara, Dean of York. Still, it was nearly two years before Bishop William could gain admittance into his church; only by force of arms was Comyn reduced to submission.

The successor of William de St. Barbara was Hugh de Puiset, a young man of noble birth, who held the see for forty-four years. Hugh de Puiset was the first bishop who showed the grandeur of the office of a prince-palatine. He was an ambitious politician, always engaged in State affairs, and generally quarrelling with his monks. When Richard I went on his crusade Hugh de Puiset bought for a large sum of money the dignity of Earl of Northumberland for life, and the Manor of Sadberge for the Church of Durham. This was the last addition made to the lands of St. Cuthbert. Puiset bought also the office of justiciar, which left him chief minister of the kingdom during Richard's absence. But Puiset's haughtiness offended many of the English barons, who made common cause with the Chancellor, who was the second great English bishop, the Bishop of Ely. Puiset was for a time imprisoned in the Tower of London, and was obliged to confine his authority to the north of England, where he ruled in princely fashion.

Though the bishop was ruler of the county-palatine of Durham, much land within it was held by powerful barons. The great families in the Bishopric were the Bruces, who built their castle at Hartlepool, the Baliols at Barnard Castle, and the Nevilles at Brancepeth and Raby. The bishop, besides his castle at Durham, had also castles at Stockton and Auckland. There were many smaller castles scattered through the land, and many peel towers; though Durham was not so much exposed to the attacks of the Scots as were Northumberland and Cumberland. Naturally the bishops were great builders of churches, and their example was followed by their barons. Magnificent churches remain at Chester-le-Street, Auckland, Darlington, Lancaster, Jarrow, Houghton-le-Spring, and many other places. At many of these churches bodies of canons were established, and prosperous towns sprang up around them. The bishops were also careful for works of Christian charity. Flambard built a hospital at Kepyner, and Puiset founded one for lepers at Sherburn. It is noticeable that in 1181, when he founded his hospital, leprosy was so common that he made provision for sixty-five inmates. In 1429

leprosy had disappeared from England, and the hospital was turned into an almshouse. Another hospital was founded in 1272 by the bishop at Greatham. The circumstances of its foundation are a curious illustration of the bishop's authority. After the defeat of the barons in their rising against Henry III the lands of the De Montfort family were forfeited to the Crown. Some of these lands were at Greatham, and the king granted them to one of his favourites. The Bishop of Durham thereupon instituted a suit against the king on the ground that forfeitures within the Bishopric belonged to him as count-palatine, and not to the Crown. The cause was decided in the bishop's favour, and he founded a hospital on the lands which he had thus gained. Other public works which the bishops undertook were bridges, which were works of great usefulness to the neighbourhood, and made communications easier. Under the rule of their bishop the men of the Bishopric led a more civilised and prosperous life than their neighbours. They enjoyed special privileges, and bore the special name of *Haltiverfolc*, or men for the defence of the saint. They were the body-guard reserved for the protection of the abode of St. Cuthbert, and were not liable to military service outside the limits of St. Cuthbert's territory.

It is remarkable that in the dispute about the succession to the Scottish Crown both claimants, Bruce and Baliol, were barons of the palatinate. Each of these Norman families had married ladies of the royal line in Scotland, and held lands in Scotland and England alike. The long war between England and Scotland which followed on Edward I's interference in Scottish affairs made the Bishop of Durham a man of great political importance. He had to gather troops and lead his men to battle; he had to be a soldier as well as a bishop. Chief of these warrior-bishops was Antony Bek in the days of Edward I. Bek never rode abroad without a following of 140 mounted knights. His wealth and magnificence knew no bounds. One day in London a merchant had a piece of cloth which he said was too dear even for the Bishop of Durham. Bek bought it at once, and ordered that it should be cut up for horsecloths.

The reign of Edward III showed the need of military capacity in the ruler of the palatinate. In 1346 Edward III was warring in France, where he won the great battle of Cressy. King David of Scotland thought that England was now bereft of her soldiers and might be easily attacked. With a strong army he advanced through Cumberland into the Bishopric, plundering as he went. Bishop Hatfield, the Archbishop of York, Lord Neville, Lord Percy, and other barons, gathered their troops, determined to withstand the progress of the Scots. The battle was fought on the Red Hills close to Durham. The city trembled for the issue of the day. Many of the monks mounted the great tower of the cathedral, that they might pray in sight of the combatants. Others of them went out bearing a holy relic of St. Cuthbert, and stood upon a hill still nearer the scene of battle. The fight was long and furious, and victory wavered. At last a charge of the English cavalry

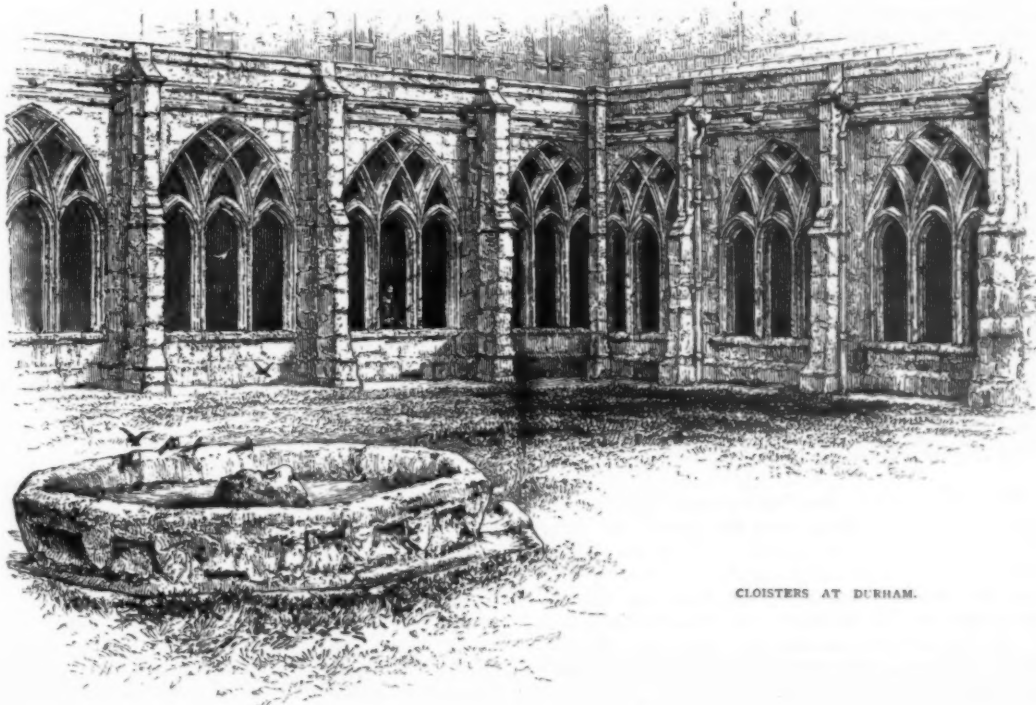
on the flank of the Scots threw them into confusion. The slaughter was terrible. The chief barons of Scotland were cut down as they fought desperately round their king. King David was made prisoner; and England saw the kings of France and Scotland captured in the same year by the valour of her soldiers. The Battle of the Red Hills is generally known as the Battle of Neville's Cross, for on the hill where it was fought an old cross stood, erected by a Neville as a mark for pilgrims on their way to St. Cuthbert's shrine. It was commemorated by the monks of Durham as a testimony to the power of their patron saint. Every year, on the anniversary of the fight, a hymn of thanksgiving was chanted on the top of the cathedral tower. The custom still continues, though the date has been changed from October 17 to May 29. Still every year the cathedral choir ascend the tower at sunrise, and with songs of praise commemorate the great deliverance wrought for their city in the days of old.

The Bishops of Durham were warriors and statesmen, but many of them were more than that. Bishop Richard de Bury (1333-1345) was a great scholar, and delighted to surround himself with books and learned men. It is said that wherever he went the floor of his room was so littered with books that it was hard to find a passage by which to reach him. He left his library to Durham College at Oxford, which was attached to the monastery of Durham, and has now passed away. He wrote a book in praise of learning, and few books that have ever been written show more simply the delights of a student's life.

The careers of these prince-bishops offer a

striking contrast to that of St. Cuthbert, whose successors they were. There was a great difference between the cell of the hermit of the Farne Island and the splendid castle of the Bishop of Durham, surrounded by his guard of knights and busied with the affairs of State. Churchmen had drifted far away from the simplicity to which they owed the reverence of men. Still, even in its days of worldly splendour the Church kept alive the memory of better things. The Bishops of Durham were little else than great lords, but they were better than those who would have been in their place if they had not been there. They were wealthy, but they were bountiful. They spent much money on works of public usefulness. Their people were prosperous and were not oppressed. Several of these bishops were themselves sprung from the people and were not ashamed of their origin. Bishop Robert de Insula (1274-83) was a poor lad who was born in Holy Island. He often said that he was by birth unfit to live like a lord. He set up his mother in a little house of her own; but the good lady complained that she had so many servants to do things for her that she could find no occupation, and her servants did everything so well that she had not even an excuse for scolding them. Though the position of Bishop of Durham was one of the most dignified in England, it was in reach of the poor and and lowborn.

The splendour of ecclesiastics may be in some degree justified by the thought that the Middle Ages were the ages of aristocratic power. The Church, with all its grandeur, never ceased to be the church of the poor; it remained the most democratic of English institutions.



CLOISTERS AT DURHAM.

AN AFGHAN WEDDING.

BY THE REV. T. F. HUGHES, B.D., LATE OF PESHAWAR.

AN Afghan wedding! How different to an English wedding! No church-bells, no bridesmaids, no wedding-cake. The religious ceremony is a very dull affair indeed.

Matches are made by the "papas" in Afghanistan, and so on the morning of the wedding the father of the bride and the father of the bridegroom meet, and having smoked their pipes and exchanged civilities, they take their seats outside the village guest-house and send for the bridegroom and for the village priest (or *manlavi*). A small crowd assembles, and amongst them are the bridegroom's immediate friends.

First of all the young lady's consent must be obtained. She, of course, is out of sight, away in the zenana, or ladies' apartments, but a gentleman who acts as attorney is selected, and is sent to the young lady with two witnesses to ask her if she will have this man to be her wedded husband. With the Afghans, as with us, "silence gives consent." Most probably the young woman laughs or giggles. At all events, she will not say "No." That she dare not say, for probably the whole affair was made up by those two old grey-bearded chiefs seated in the courtyard when she, poor girl, was a mere infant.

The attorney returns to the company and says the bride has consented. The same question is then put to the bridegroom, who of course consents. For if he did not the bride's father would sue him before the chief for breach of contract, or a tribal war may be the result.

The priest then begins the ceremony. Seated as they were, most probably on their cots, as Afghan villages have no chairs, the priest recites the first chapter of the Koran, which occupies a similar position in the Mohammedan religion to the Pater Noster amongst the Romanists. It is an initial prayer.

Raising his hands, the priest says:

In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate,
Praise be to God who the three worlds made,
The merciful, the compassionate,
The king of the day of Fate.
Thee alone do we worship, of Thee alone do we seek aid.
Guide us all in the path that is straight—
The path of those to whom Thy love is great,
Not those on whom is hate
Nor they that deviate. Amen.

Then he makes the bridegroom declare his faith. First, repeating after the priest, he says, "I desire forgiveness of God." Then he recites some three or four short chapters of the Koran; then he declares his belief in God, the angels, the scriptures, the prophets, the resurrection, and in predestination; concluding with the Muslim creed, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God."

Having satisfied himself as to the young man's orthodoxy, the old priest then requests the bridegroom to settle a dowry upon his future wife. This is absolutely necessary. Without it no marriage is legal. A large dowry is generally settled, five times the amount of the man's wealth perhaps. Still, it has never to be paid unless he divorce his wife. The sum, however, will have to be paid before all other claims out of his personal estate at the time of his death. Generally amongst the Afghans the dowry is a house, or a field, or a well.

This little business arrangement being settled, the priest requests the bride's attorney to take the hand of the bridegroom and to say, "Such an one's daughter, by the agency of her attorney, and by the testimony of two witnesses, has in your marriage with her had such a dowry settled upon her. Do you consent to it?" To this the bridegroom replies, "With my whole heart and soul to this marriage and to this dowry I consent, I consent, I consent." And then the whole congregation say "Amen!"

Then follows the benediction. Raising his hands, the priest says: "O Great God, grant that mutual love may reign between this couple as it did exist between Adam and Eve, Abraham and Sarah, Moses and Zipporah, Mohammed and Ayishah, and Aly and Fatimah. Amen." The ceremony being over, the bridegroom receives the congratulations of his friends.

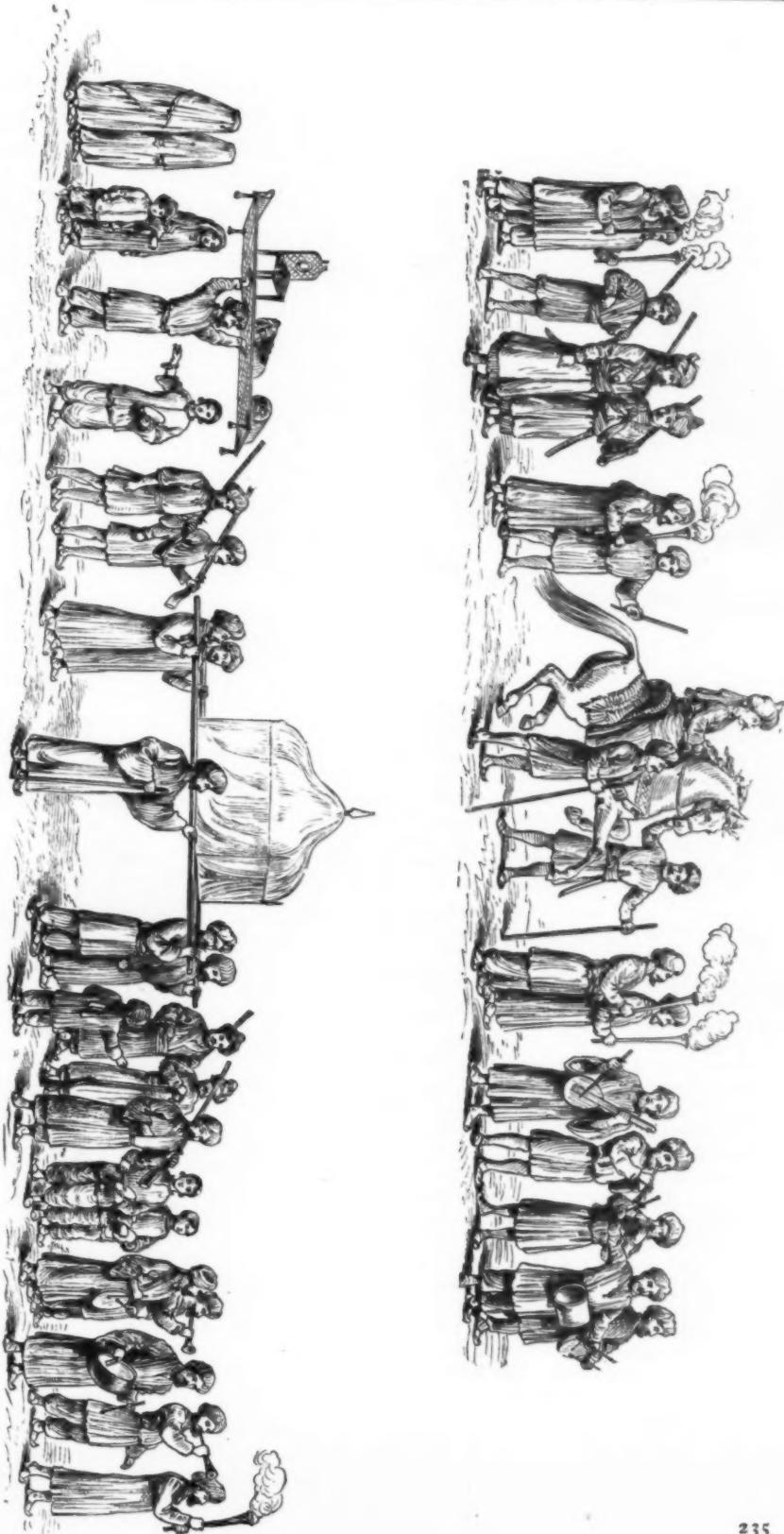
The festivities of the marriage usually last three days and three nights, and precede and follow the religious ceremony.

Of course there is a great stir in the ladies' apartments of both houses. But in these festivities the poor bride takes no part whatever, she is usually kept alone in a separate chamber. The bridegroom is the most prominent person, and all kinds of amusements are contrived to amuse and divert him.

During this time the anxious mother is arranging her daughter's *trousseau*. How different to an English bride's *trousseau*! In a good Afghan family it generally consists of a silver-gilt bedstead, with pillows and silken quilt; a spinning-wheel, a water-jug, several brass water-pots, a looking-glass, a few cushions and carpets.

The third day is the day for bringing home the bride. In Egypt, in Turkey, and even in India, the marriage procession is a very grand affair indeed. In Afghanistan it is a much more simple arrangement.

The procession will be formed of a number of the village minstrels and dancing-girls, several torch-bearers—for the procession is always in the evening—servants, and other attendants. The bridegroom is mounted on a prancing steed, and the poor bride cooped up like a bird in a cage-like palanquin or litter. Then follow the young lady's



AN AFGHAN MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

trousseau already described. The bride's palanquin is placed in charge of some faithful servant of her father's household.



AN AFGHAN BRIDE.

The village band is there—two drums and three fifes, and a fiddle perhaps. But such a noise! No attempt at harmony! Much worse than the bagpipes of Scotland! Although as the procession wends its way along the mountain passes this wild, inharmonious music has a very striking effect on the European traveller who may perchance listen to it. Travelling in the Afghan hills one often sees these marriage processions as the sun is declining proceeding along some narrow mountain pathway. With the martial bearing of the warrior bridegroom, the jaunty step of the male attendants, and the wild music of village minstrels, they are unique in character.

In ordinary Afghan village life the bridegroom will most likely have seen his bride's face more than once before the marriage day. This will have been effected either by his kind mother-in-law elect, or more frequently by a liberal bribe given to some female attendant. Still, such interviews are attended with great risks, for once caught in the apartment even of his betrothed he would be certainly slain by the young lady's father. Amongst the chiefs and higher orders the bridegroom never sees his future wife until he brings her to his home; until the dowry has been fixed, the blessing given, and she finds herself installed for better or for worse in her new relation.

In the village of Misri Banda, on the Cabul river, a young maiden was betrothed to an old chieftain three times her age. The wedding-day was fixed. The poor child's silence was legally interpreted to mean consent. The prayers were said and the blessing given. The village band and dancing-girls accompanied the bridegroom in the procession to bring home the bride.

But the bride was not to be found. The young girl's bondmaid rushed in with wild excitement and said, "If you want my young mistress you will find her floating on the Cabul river!" It afterwards appeared that she was deeply in love with a young student, and when she heard the sound of the drum and flute she rushed out of her house with her servant-maid and, standing on a rock overhanging the river, she requested her maid to tie her hands behind her with the long black tresses of her hair, and thus she plunged herself into the rapids rather than prove unfaithful to her first and only love.

In India, and in the great cities of Central Asia, the expenses of a wedding are very great, and consequently some parents excuse themselves in disposing of their daughters on the score of expense—the difficulty they find in defraying the expenses of the wedding. The unnecessary expenses of their marriage ceremonies, the dinners, the music, and the marriage presents, often hamper a family through life. Parents, however poor, think it absolutely necessary to celebrate the marriage of their daughters at a great expense.

For example, a munshi, or clerk, receiving the modest salary of thirty shillings a month, will spend a hundred pounds upon his daughter's wedding, especially if she should be fortunate enough to secure the hand of a husband in a nobler or better-born family than his own. The dearly-loved customs cannot be passed over.



AN AFGHAN BRIDEGROOM.

And if parents find it impossible to meet the pecuniary demands of the marriage ceremonies, the needless parade of music, the useless articles

of finery for the girl's person, and the marriage portion in goods and chattels, the girl has no alternative but to remain single all the days of her life.

There are many daughters in high-born but needy families in this position. It is this difficulty that in darker days induced Mohammedan villages to follow the example of the Rajputs and to destroy their female children at their birth.

It is related by Mrs. Meer Hasan Ali, an English lady who married a Mohammedan gentleman in Lucknow some fifty years ago, that Nawab Asoof ud Dowlah, hearing with horror of the frequent occurrence of female infanticide amongst poor villagers, issued a proclamation to his subjects in Oude commanding them to desist from this barbarous custom, and as an inducement to the wicked parents to preserve their female offspring alive offering grants of land to every female as a marriage portion.

Even in the present day the birth of a daughter casts a temporary gloom over a Muslim family, whilst the birth of a boy is a season of rejoicing. Some say it is more honourable to have sons than daughters, but others believe that it is the expense and trouble of settling the daughters that is the real cause of this unnatural feeling.

The fixing upon a desirable match for their sons and daughters is a source of constant anxiety in every Afghan family. Amongst the nobles political and tribal considerations chiefly determine the future of the daughter. But there is a class of women who make it their special business to negotiate marriages. These Mrs. Gad-about are in the position of superior domestic servants or nurses, and are exceedingly ingenious and expert in the art of matchmaking. These female gossips rove from house to house and make themselves acquainted with the domestic affairs of one family in order to convey them to another. They become familiar, by researches in zenanas, with the expectations and plans of anxious mothers for their marriageable sons and daughters. Every one knows the objects of their visits, but these female matchmakers are absolutely necessary in

the present secluded state of Mohammedan households.

Sometimes, when two families are about to negotiate a marriage between the son of the one and the daughter of the other, an omen is consulted in the following manner.

Several slips of paper are cut up, and on the half of them is written "To be" and on the other half "Not to be." These pieces of paper are then placed under a praying carpet, and after the liturgical form of prayer is over, the anxious father devoutly raises his hands in prayer to God for guidance, and expresses his submission to the all-wise decree of the Almighty in the matter of his son's or daughter's marriage. Then, putting his hand under the carpet, he draws out a paper. If on it should be written "To be" he thinks the marriage is ordained of God; if "Not to be" no overture or negotiation will be listened to. Sometimes, however, the interests of state, or the value of the dowry, or the termination of a long-standing blood feud, will induce the pious chieftain to put aside the omen as having been influenced by the powers of darkness!

The marriage-day in a country like Afghanistan does not always pass off as happily and merrily as the proverbial marriage-bell in England. An Afghan evangelist, Syud Shah, was on one occasion visiting his own native hills of Kunar when he suddenly came upon a field of battle. There were the chiefs and warlike youths of two contending villages fighting furiously. And on the side of the hill was placed the covered doolie or palanquin, with a couple of female attendants beside it. Inside was the bride. After the marriage ceremony had taken place some irregularity had been discovered, and the enraged villagers, headed by their chief, had followed the procession with the intention of capturing the bride. Hence the fight. To quote Syud Shah's words, "they fought until midnight, and one man was killed." The marriage procession then went its way, and the terrified bride was carried off in victory. Such is wedded life amongst the Afghans.

SPANISH FOLK-LORE.

PART I.

IT has often been said with truth that "Africa begins at the Pyrenees," so backward in many ways do we find this country, especially the southern and less travelled parts.

It is with the south and with the province of Andalusia particularly that we have now to do. All who have travelled through the south of Spain have carried back the remembrance of its blue skies, its orange-groves, its flat-roofed houses, its charming climate, and also it may be other recollections not so pleasant, such as bad

oil and garlic, and the deficient sanitary arrangements of the towns.

Let us imagine a white-looking little town in the extreme south, built almost on the shores of the Atlantic, with a river, the Guadalette, running through it, the banks of which are covered with pine-woods; the blue hills lie in the distance, and beyond a stretch of yellow sands, against which the waves roll in majestically. As you near Puerto you think "What a lovely ideal place this is!" and your illusion may last till you put

your foot on *terra firmá*; then, alas! you are speedily and unpleasantly undeceived, the town is *filthy*. Often in the main street an open drain meanders, beside which children play, sailing cabbage leaves and such-like craft, apparently deficient in one of the five senses. Early in the morning you would see piles of refuse and rubbish in the middle of the streets thrown out to be gathered up by the dustman who is employed by the authorities for this purpose.

It is no wonder that the "guest from the Ganges" should be dreaded by the Spaniards, and with just cause. The town just mentioned is healthy and remarkably free from disease, but this may be attributed entirely to its splendid situation; the life-giving breezes of the Atlantic sweep away miasma, and the smell of the resin from the stone-pines produces a healthy state of body. In spite of its bad sanitary condition the town thrives, and there are at the present moment still living in it two people who are over a hundred years of age.

A short time ago, when the cholera was expected and dreaded, the health authorities roused themselves, and began to take alarm about the state of the town. In the course of their investigations a street was discovered *impassable* from accumulated filth (the dustman's cart did *not*, we imagine, pass that way); and inside the houses it was even worse. The court of one house was filled with putrid bones, old clothes, and the refuse of vegetables and fish, the accumulation of years. The health officers could hardly approach the house, the stench was so fearful. The inhabitants were given so many hours to get everything cleared away at the penalty of a severe fine if they failed to do so. But for the dread of the cholera leading to these investigations, this state of things would never have been brought to light.

"El corral de los vecinos" in Andalusia is what we should term in England a tenement house. Often it happens, as in our own towns, that these buildings have once been the abode of the wealthy, frequently of the aristocracy, as can be seen by the coat-of-arms and armorial bearings carved in the stone of the massive archways. These houses are usually built round large patios or courts, very often there is a fountain in the centre, and frequently the court is converted into a perfect garden, its creeping plants and flowers giving it a most inviting aspect.

The *casera* (or caretaker), usually a woman, has the letting of the apartments, and is responsible to the landlord for the rents which she collects weekly or monthly, as the case may be, and remits at stated times to the landlord. The *casera* is an important personage, not only in her own eyes, but in those of all about her; she is in fact the mistress of the house. She mixes in everything, is the peacemaker in the numerous quarrels (though too often it is *she* who throws the apple of discord amongst the neighbours), she reminds them of their duties, such as cleaning the court and doorway, which has to be done by each tenant in turn, paying their rents regularly, etc., and in return for these offices she is given house-rent free and a small remuneration. It is

no easy matter to collect rents, as many of the inhabitants of the "corral" are miserably poor, and often the *casera* has to threaten them with putting their furniture (such as it is) into the street if the payment is not ready by a certain day. The *casera* is in fact the representative of authority in the "corral;" she exhorts, counsels, and is constantly to be heard saying, "In *my* house I won't have rows." She also mixes in every conversation, and "puts her nose" into the most intimate family secrets; from *her* nothing must be withheld.

With an imperious air she goes through the house singing at the top of her voice; and in the patio on summer evenings, when the heat banishes sleep, and when the women congregate and gossip, she is acknowledged queen, and is referred to by all. Often the following dialogue may be heard in the *patois* used by the people: "Seña Antonia, l'e dicho a' uste' que no ech'uste el agua sucia al patio?" ("Mrs. Antonia, how often have I told you not to throw the dirty water into the court?") The woman thus reproved looks at the *casera* and shrugs her shoulders, as much as to say, "Well, and what then?" The landlady understands the gesture, and adds, "I have said so—I, I!" The delinquent again shrugs her shoulders and only laughs mockingly, holding her sides, as she answers, "Well, don't eat me! The thing isn't so dreadful! 'I, I!' And who are *you*? I also can say *I!* And what then? One would think she wanted to swallow one!" The *casera* now, in a white heat of passion, makes an ironical curtsey, and says, "You ask who am *I!* Que gracia! [What a joke!] I am the *casera*! Do you hear? the *casera*! I order *here*, and whoever disobeys may take the door of the street!" The woman, well knowing that she is in the other's power, has to give in, though with a bad enough grace.

Often, however, the *casera* is the true friend of all the neighbours. She is often known to nurse the sick, counsel the erring, and give of her little to those more in need than herself. I have known her to bear insults and abuses rather than turn an unfortunate family into the streets. "Poor things! no one else will take them in," she will say. She can be a great power for good and evil.

Life in the "corral" begins at dawn of day; at cock-crow the house is astir. The men, who usually follow some trade, such as that of mason, blacksmith, carpenter, etc., go out to their respective callings, taking with them a couple of rolls, and sometimes a few sardines, for breakfast. In Andalusia the workmen usually eat two meals a day—the early meal, before starting, and supper when they come home. In this case they bring nothing with them.

The hours of labour vary with the different trades. A mason will usually work without a rest from sunrise to four o'clock in the afternoon in winter; in summer he takes two hours' rest from twelve to two. The custom called in Andalusia "echar cigarros," and which consists of twenty or fifteen minutes of recreation two or three times a day, in which the men are allowed to smoke and drink wine, only applies to field labourers and

those employed in the "bodegas" (the wine-cellar). These latter have a barrel of good wine set apart for their use, where they can go and drink in their times of recreation, thus fulfilling the recognition of an Old Testament principle, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

These "echar cigarros," which occur usually about three times a day, in addition to the hour allowed for "almuerzo," seriously shorten the hours of labour, but are considered necessary evils.

Among the tenants of the "corral" are sure to be sellers of all sorts—charcoal, oil, dried fruits and pastry cakes, etc.

Early in the morning quite a busy traffic goes on in the court. Often the workman, on his way to his day's labour, will stop to "tomar la mañana." This consists in a glass of spirits from the vendor of "aguadiente," who serves it out in tiny liqueur glasses, and a tumbler of water "encima" (on the top). The children, usually in a state of nature, but sometimes the possessors of one garment, come tumbling out of their various abodes and clamour for some of the stale cakes that are being disposed of before the seller gets a fresh supply.

One of the chief features or prominent figures in the "corral" is the "zapatero remendon" (or stationary cobbler). This individual lives at the expense of the neighbours, to whom he renders his services when required for a few cuartos. He may be seen seated on his bench from break of day till dark; in front of him, on a stool or dilapidated chair, lie his tools, bits of leather, wax, wooden shapes for boots, etc.; beside him, near at hand, is a jug of water. His apron, once white, is now a very dirty slate colour, and there he sits, hour after hour. He is usually a jovial, rough kind of man, singing over his work, chatting to each passer-by, and in the evening, when the day's labour is over, his smattering of learning—for he is usually somewhat of a scholar—enables him to read the paper to the others, and write love-letters for the young people. He also usually excels in story-telling, and his tales are devoutly believed in by his hearers.

When there are too few neighbours in a "corral" to support the "zapatero remendon," he picks up a living as best he can by selling sweets and nuts in the street, or anything that comes to hand. At night he returns with a few cuartos and abundance of news for his evening audience.

By early morning the "corral" is left entirely to the women and the few neighbours whose work is of a sedentary character—such as mending chairs, brooms, etc. The court is at that time the theatre of the children's exploits, who, too young to help their mothers as yet, only serve to "achi-charrill a la sangre" (curdle the blood), as the women graphically term it. "Be off to the patio or the street, anywhere, only leave me my soul quiet!" cry the mothers to the urchins, who, frisky as lambs, shoeless and stockingless summer and winter, and devouring a dry crust of bread, are sent out like a flock of fledgelings to do as they like. Some remain in the court, but most run out into the street, where they are up to every possible

mischief. One of their favourite pastimes is playing at the "bull-fight." One of the swiftest of foot is chosen for the bull; over his forehead is placed a piece of wood, ornamented with corks, which represent horns when they cannot get real ones. Another boy, selected for his pluck, is "matador," and has a wooden sword with a rag fastened to it, and, failing this, a shirt or coat is taken off and used for the purpose. The strongest are used as horses, and on these the "picadores" take their seats. The others form the spectators, and help when their services are required. Before the last blow is given the matador (in miniature) takes off his hat, and, addressing the supposed president, repeats the formula usually used on those occasions:

"Por usted
Por usted
Y si no mato el toro
Que me quiten la vida."

"For you, for you,
If I don't kill the bull
Let them take my life."

When the bull is killed some boys, acting mules, come to carry away the carcass.

But though most of the young children are thus allowed to run about at their own sweet will, there are parents who try to give their little ones some instruction and educate them for the path of life that they will have to follow. Some mothers who have to go out to work put their children with the "miga" (an abbreviation of "amiga") as soon as they can lisp "papa," "mamma," etc., and send the elder children to school.

The "miga" is often by no means a friend to the children left in her charge. She is usually an old, and often infirm, woman, who agrees for a few cuartos a day, or a little food, to mind the children while their mothers go out to work. The "miga's" way of minding the children is to seat them in chairs round the room, where she keeps them all day, allowing them to scream to their hearts' content, and to eat if the mother leaves food for them—otherwise tears are their only nourishment. The "miga's" education chiefly consists in blows, interlarded with prayers and occasionally a few letters of the alphabet. Soon the very look of the cane wielded by the "maestra" strikes terror into the poor babies, and they sit in silence, with tears rolling down their cheeks, till dusk, when their mothers come to deliver them from bondage.

At sunset the "corral" is once more alive with men's voices, laughter and songs, for the Andalusian is a laughter-loving individual, attached to home, such as it is, and a fond father. Often the men may be seen nursing the babies, while their wives bustle about to get ready the evening repast. This usually consists of some kind of soup—often of bread and oil. Sometimes they have a stew of potatoes, garbanzos, and other vegetables, flavoured abundantly with oil and garlic; they have also salad in winter—*gaspacho* (a cold soup made with water, bread, vinegar, oil, and toma-

toes) in summer. Fruit is partaken of if in season and when very cheap. For this reason the Andalusians are much addicted to prickly pears, as they only cost a farthing a dozen. Often a man may be seen devouring forty or fifty at a sitting—as fast as they are opened by the seller they will disappear. Plenty of water is drunk at the same time to prevent any injurious effect.

The “puchero,” or stew, is usually made without meat, as the working class can rarely afford such a luxury. Indeed, it is only in cases of illness or after a bull-fight, when meat of the bulls is sold cheap, that the poor can partake of it. But this is not the trial to the poor Andalusian that it would be to an Englishman of his class; oil, bread, garlic, prickly pears, and a “cigarillo” more than make amends to him for the want of animal food.

A woman who can every day put meat in her “puchero” is considered a rich woman, because to make a “puchero” properly there must be at least meat or fowl, also garbanzos, bacon, sausages, and vegetables, and all this costs money. When the wife of a labouring man is seen making a “puchero” with meat, it may be inferred that there is illness in the house.

Supposing the head of the family to be earning eight reals a day (1s. 8d.)—and this is good pay—there will be one real a day to pay for lodgings, half a real for light, another half real for tobacco, two reals for bread, one real for clothes and shoes for all the family, and another real for charcoal and vinegar and other indispensable articles. Then there remain two reals to buy whatever other food the family require; therefore it will be seen that meat must be a forbidden luxury.

Often the poor mother, if industrious, will be up till the small hours of the morning mending clothes, and this in winter, without fire or warmth of any kind; and although the climate is mild in winter compared with our English one, yet the evenings and mornings are very raw, and the houses draughty and cold, being built specially for heat.

At any fête, whether a birth, a wedding, or a death, wine flows freely; drunkenness is shockingly prevalent. We will not dwell here on the scenes of revelry that go on in the taverns or the amount of wine consumed and the effect produced. These drinking bouts usually end in quarrels; then the *navaja** is produced, and frequently one of the combatants is left wounded or dead. After the bull-fight such scenes are of frequent occurrence. It would sometimes appear as if the savage scene witnessed stirred up all that was worst in the poor ignorant people, who often fight and drink while the “corrida” is going on.

These horrible pastimes have been so frequently described and dwelt on that only a few words need be said on the subject. It is the special treat and pastime of the Andalusian pea-

sant, who will stint himself and family of food the week preceding in order that he may be able to go. The evening before he will go to the barber's and get himself shaved, and his wife will wash and iron his linen to the best of her ability, so that on the great occasion he may not be behind his fellows. With a bottle of wine sticking out of his pocket and often a little child in his arms, he will then set out.

A few months ago a grand bull-fight, the last of the season, was going to take place in the little town of Puerto Santa Maria, whose bull-ring, which cost £25,000 to build, is one of its greatest ornaments.

For weeks beforehand nothing else was talked of. Photographs of the “matadors” were posted up everywhere, and the coming scene depicted in flaring colours. The bull-fighters had been engaged, the animals bought, everything was in readiness, when at the last moment it was discovered that the bulls were bad. One was blind, another maimed—in short, not fit for fight, and the “alcalde” sent forth a fiat that the bull-fight should be abandoned.

The fury and indignation of the people cannot be described. They would almost have torn the mayor to pieces had he appeared in the streets, which he took good care not to do. Even among the higher classes the feeling was the same, and gentlemen meeting at the club or theatre would say to each other, “Hombre, have you heard the news? Pues (well), there will be no bull-fight.”

“Who says such a thing?” the other would exclaim, his face growing blank with disappointment. “What nonsense are you talking? Everything is arranged.”

The consternation was so great that a stranger arriving and seeing the groups of excited people talking in the corners of the streets would imagine that a revolution was being planned, or that some national disaster had occurred.

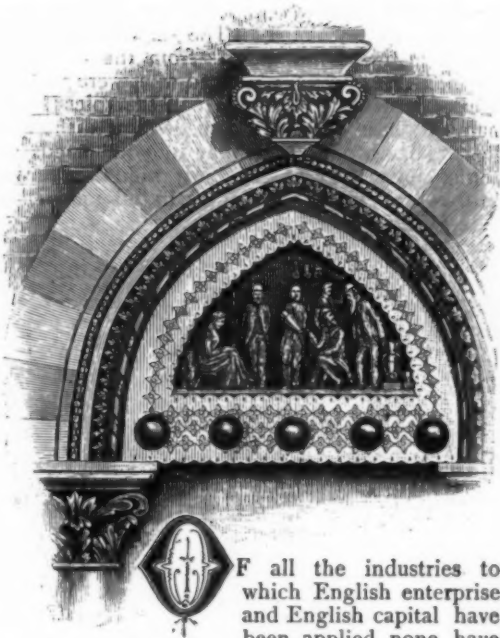
On this occasion one thousand pounds were thrown away, for not only had the bull-fighters to be paid just the same as if the “corrida” had taken place, but the bulls and horses had been bought. And all this time the town was in the state that has faintly been described in the beginning of this paper.

An incident like this shows the thirst for blood that this national amusement gives rise to. Before leaving this painful subject I would only mention that when the bull shows no inclination for fight, and the “picos” and darts are not sufficient to goad him to fury, another instrument of torture is adopted. Round one of the darts is wrapped a piece of wadding loaded with gunpowder; this being thrown violently at the bull, enters his flesh and explodes under the skin. The tamest and most cowardly bull is by this means goaded to fury. This is a frequent mode of torture, and delicate women—mothers, wives, and daughters—and even little children, sit calmly looking on and *applauding*!

E. B. MOORE.

* A sharp curved knife carried in the sash of every Spaniard.

ART POTTERY AT LAMBETH.



F all the industries to which English enterprise and English capital have been applied none have been more fluctuating, so far as their *locale* is concerned, than that which appears to be almost unchangeable in its method—the ancient art of the potter. It is only necessary to mention the names of Bow, Chelsea, Fulham, Lowestoft, and other places familiar enough to collectors, to show that localities at one time more or less famous for their pottery and porcelain are now only represented by such examples of their ware as may be found in museums and private collections; and those who seek on the spot for indications of a departed industry are well rewarded if they succeed in determining the precise site of works which assisted to gain a reputation for English manufactures two or three centuries ago. In other places the art has varied from time to time in its forms of production, and amongst such may be reckoned the metropolitan borough of Lambeth, with whose share in this particular handicraft we now propose to deal.

The date at which potteries were first established at Lambeth cannot accurately be determined until additional sources of information are open to the researches of those who are interested in the subject. It is, however, sufficient to state that the evidence incidental to an action tried in 1693 indicated that they were in operation at least a quarter of a century earlier—that is, in 1668. Even at that period, to which we now look back through a vista of more than two hundred years, Lambeth formed an important portion of the now overgrown metropolis, and at the present day it has an interest for the wayfarer to which modern suburban regions of stucco and pretension can never aspire. It was then the abode of many persons of quality

and distinction. Pepys was wont to make his way not unfrequently to Lambeth to do business with the Duke of Albemarle in connection with his important office, to dine with my Lord of Canterbury on what were known as the public days,* or to drink his morning draught at the Three Mariners,† for he found it a pleasant walk through the fields from Southwark. Nay, at a much earlier period than this Lambeth was a notable place, for the Saxon kings had a house here, where they occasionally resided. The name itself is of Saxon origin, meaning, according to Camden, “a dirty station,” and its significance, even in these later days, is not altogether without justification, though there are pleasant spots to be found within the borough, which presents to the eye of the artist a most picturesque appearance when viewed from Lambeth Bridge, with the craft moving on the bosom of the Thames, and the grey walls of Lambeth Palace, so suggestive of bygone ages, by the riverside.

This, however, is but a digression. Historical retrospect, with the manifold revolutions incidental to the flight of time, is an alluring topic, but must in this instance be confined to the revolutions effected by the potter's wheel, in itself almost a solitary example of a mechanical appliance so complete in its adaptability to its purpose that it has remained practically unchanged from the earliest times.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, as we have already intimated, potteries were in operation at Lambeth. From the preamble to a patent granted in 1676 it appears that five years earlier a Dutchman named John Ariens van Hamme, who had settled at Lambeth, had taken out an English patent for the “art of makeinge tiles, and porcelane, and other earthenwares, after the way practised in Holland,”‡ and the manufacture of delft was thenceforward carried on to a comparatively recent period. Early examples of this ware include wine-jugs, dishes, posset-pots, candlesticks, and other articles. It is uniformly of a pale buff tint, and the wine-jugs are frequently lettered in blue. Professor Church gives a list of a number of these, from various collections, of a period antecedent to the date of John van Hamme's patent, the “Whit Wine” ranging from 1641 to 1656, the “Sack” from 1644 to 1657, and the “Claret” from 1648 to 1663. We also give an illustration representing three jugs in the collection of Mr. J. C. Ford, of Bury St. Edmunds. Of these two are respectively lettered “Sack, 1642,” and “Claret, 1646,” both of them earlier

* “Mr. Wren and I took boat, thinking to dine with my Lord of Canterbury: but, when we came to Lambeth, the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards: so we lost our labour.”—*Pepys' Diary* (10 May, 1669).

† “To Lambeth to drink our morning draft, where, at the Three Mariners, a place noted for their ale, we went and staid awhile very merry, and so away.”—*Ibid.* (12 June, 1661).

‡ “English Earthenware,” by Professor Church. (South Kensington Museum Handbook.)

in date than the examples enumerated by Professor Church; each is six and a half inches in height. The Tudor wine-jug (seven inches high) is also presumably of Lambeth ware, and the pewter lid is stamped with the Tudor rose and crown.

The Lambeth delft also included such undignified productions as pill-slabs and pomatum-pots, and these ultimately formed the staple of the manufacture, which was carried on in this humble guise until about half a century ago, when it died out altogether. We are, however, sometimes reminded of its existence by the discovery of fragments of Dutch "wasters" in the excavations incidental to building operations.

manufacture of butter-pots, seltzer-bottles, and other articles of commerce. But the aspirations of the promoters of this experiment were not fulfilled, owing to the want of that development of the creative faculty which our art schools are intended to encourage. The modern worker, having made plaster moulds from the old pots supplied from Berlin, produced what were simply inferior copies of the original examples; and many of these, through the medium of dishonest dealers, have found their way into the hands of tourist collectors, who innocently pride themselves on these souvenirs of the Rhine, in full confidence as to their antiquity and beauty.



EARLY LAMBETH POTTERY.

In the meantime, however, potteries for the manufacture of drain-pipes and other coarse ware, most of it known as salt-glazed stoneware, had become established in Lambeth; and in one of these the enterprise of Messrs. Doulton has developed in recent times a most important industry, whose artistic aims and impulses have received general recognition, not only in England, but on the Continent of Europe, in the United States, the British colonies, and other distant parts.

The "stoneware" to which Messrs. Doulton, under the influence of favourable surroundings, have imparted refined form and feeling, is almost identical in manufacture and quality with that which primarily served as types for its production—the so-called Flemish grey ware of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, known generally under the term "Grès de Flandres." The production of this ware, almost exclusively confined to the banks of the Rhine, was at one time a very flourishing branch of art industry; and its remains—which are quite as plentiful as can be expected when we consider the fragile nature of all fictile vessels—yield a rich store of information to the archæological student.

An attempt to revive the Rhenish manufacture of this ware was made some years ago under the influence of the Berlin Museum for Art and Industries, and the finest pieces amongst a series of old examples collected for that institution were sent to the potters' village of Hoehr, in order to induce the addition of an artistic branch to the

Before proceeding to deal with the more successful revival of this art in Messrs. Doulton's works at Lambeth, it will be desirable to define with some amount of precision the nature of the "stoneware" which forms its basis. In the Official Handbook to the Exhibition held in Hyde Park in 1851 it is described as "a dense and highly vitrified material, impervious to the action of acids, and of peculiar strength; it differs from all other kinds of glazed earthenware in this important respect, that the glazing is the actual material itself fused together." In Staffordshire the term stoneware is always considered to mean a vitreous impermeable body, as distinguished from one which is more or less porous, and this difference results from the mode of glazing, which is its most important characteristic. In other kinds of glazed pottery the clay, moulded to its shape, passes through the kiln (is "fired," technically speaking) more than once. After the first firing it is taken from the kiln in a porous state, and it is then known as "biscuit," in which condition it affords an admirable surface for artistic treatment. This "biscuit," having been painted or otherwise decorated, is dipped into a glaze and returned to the kiln, whence it emerges covered with its film of glass. This, however, is not the method pursued with stoneware. Instead of undergoing two firings, with an intermediate coating of liquid glaze, it is fired and glazed in one operation. After the ware is placed in the kiln a fierce white heat is attained, and salt is

then thrown into the kiln, either through holes made in its crown for the escape of superfluous gases, or through the fire-holes. The intense heat decomposes the salt, which is changed into a gaseous fume or steam, and whilst the chlorine escapes in the form of vapour, the soda combines readily with the siliceous or flint in the clay, and thus the ware becomes coated with silicate of soda or soda-glass. This is indeed the perfection of glazing, for it is quite transparent, so hard as to be practically indestructible, forming as it does a component part of the material itself, and so thin that it does not blunt the finest scratch or the sharpness of the most delicate ornamentation.

It will readily be seen that these are advantages which cannot be secured for raised or incised ornamentation by the use of a dipped glaze, but salt-glazing has its difficulties and disadvantages also. So intense is the necessary heat that it sometimes produces great and unexpected effects in the colouring of the vessels, which is also affected by the uneven evaporation and dispersion of the fumes of the salt. Experience, however, is gradually reducing to a minimum the unforeseen effects of these chemical changes upon the pigments employed in decoration, although some amount of risk and uncertainty must inevitably attend the firing of ware which is subjected to the direct action of the fire, and is not protected by "seggars" or fire-clay boxes. Another necessity arising from this mode of glazing is that the ware must be sufficiently thick to prevent loss of shape, for the early action of the intense heat has the effect of reducing the clay to a pasty softened condition, in which loss of symmetry is a danger to be guarded against.

Having devoted thus much to an explanation of the final process by which the decorated ware is converted by the kiln and by the salt-glaze into enduring works of art—a term which may be fitly applied to the Lambeth productions, though it is difficult for manufacturers to withstand the too common demand for what looks "rich" and showy rather than for what is elegant and artistic—we may now proceed to glance at the works in which they are designed, constructed, and decorated by a host of young people, many of whom are true artists, and most of whom are enrolled as students in the Lambeth School of Art.

The connection of this school of art with Messrs. Doulton's pottery is interesting in its origin, and is due to a happy thought of Mr. Sparkes, who took charge of the school two years after its foundation in 1854 by Canon Gregory, and now fills the important post of Principal of the National Art Training School at South Kensington. The presence of a young potter student in the school having led Mr. Sparkes to seek access to some of the Lambeth kilns, that gentleman made a series of experiments in order to ascertain how decorative colouring could best be applied to incised lines made in the clay; and some years later, having placed himself in communication with Messrs. Doulton, he made rapid advance in his investigations, with the hearty support and encouragement of that firm. The advent of the Paris Exhibition of 1867 induced

special exertion on the part of English manufacturers, and at this period the cultivated taste of Mr. Edward Cressy, one of Mr. Henry Doulton's friends, prompted some valuable suggestions as to the lines which the new form of decoration should take in its application to stoneware, until then employed in the manufacture of drain-pipes and other prosaic articles of that kind. The ware exhibited in Paris attracted so much attention that additional stimulus was given to the production of this new description of art pottery, and the International Exhibition at South Kensington in 1871 led to increased and very successful efforts in the same direction. The shape of the vessels was based on the best models, with such variations as might be suggested by ancient art and modern taste; and the ornamentation, scratched on the stoneware body, was filled in with harmonious colours, the distinctive character and tint of the Lambeth ware being at the same time retained. The ware so decorated was at first called *sgraffito* ware, but this term has of late years been supplanted by another having a less technical but a more valuable commercial signification, for the most important section of Messrs. Doulton's art pottery, whether decorated by means of incised lines or of applied ornament, is now called "Doulton" ware, a term which does not include other productions to which allusion will be made hereafter.

Doulton ware, which claims our primary attention, is the subject of several modes of treatment, including incising, modelling, appliqué, carving, *pâte-sur-pâte*, *repoussé* work, etc.; but in all its varied forms it is decorated when the clay is still soft—as soon, indeed, as it is sufficiently dry—and the pieces are completed in one firing, the glaze being imparted by the decomposition of the salt thrown into the kiln, giving not merely a superficial finish, but becoming, as we have already explained, an integral and imperishable part of the material of which the vase or other work of art is composed. It will perhaps be interesting to describe the modes of treatment just referred to, with sufficient precision to enable those who possess any of this beautiful Doulton ware to glean a good general idea of the *modus operandi* by which many charming effects are produced. For this purpose we cannot do better than quote substantially from Mr. Sparkes* as to the various plans open to the artist:—

1. Scratching in the pattern while the pot is still wet, with a point which leaves a burr raised on each side. This is useful, for it serves to limit the flow of any colour applied either within the pattern or to the ground that surrounds it.

2. At a later period, when the vessel has left the wheel twenty-four hours, the clay becomes too hard for this treatment, and a burr is not turned up, but breaks off and leaves a broken blurred edge. When in this state the ware is scratched with an implement which scoops out the clay, and makes a clear excised line, with no burr. This, too, has its own beauty: colour applied to

* Lectures delivered before the Society of Arts, April 29, 1874, and March 10, 1880.

the vessel flows into the incisions and fills them up, and the pattern thus traced appears in a deeper tint than that which surrounds it.

3. Carving away a moulding or collar left on the ware by the thrower or turner produces excellent light-and-shade effects. This system is applicable, not only to mouldings, but also to flatter members, as, for instance, where a row of leaves is first turned in a mass and then carved in detail.

4. Another method is by whitening the body. The material used for this purpose is of too brittle a texture to allow of ornamentation by the first method, but is tough enough to be decorated with patterns traced with the excised line. In this body we observe a difference from the ordinary brown ware body. It has less affinity for the soda in the process of glazing with salt; it does not shine with the full glaze, as the brown ware does; and it has what is called by potters a "smear." On the other hand, it takes the blue colour much more kindly, from the circumstances that the yellow or burnt-sienna-coloured body of the ordinary ware is absent, and also that a certain harmony exists between the blue-grey of the body and the deeper cobalt-blue with which it is decorated.

5. Another system becomes imperative when a vessel of ordinary dark-brown clay is dipped into a "slip" or semi-liquid coating of a white colour. It is obvious that a cut made on such a vessel would expose the brown colour of the body beneath, and this method offers many varieties of treatment, with or without the addition of colour to the cut surface.

6. In addition to these varied methods there is yet another, which was extensively used by the old Rhenish potters—namely, the application of dots, discs, flowers, borders, etc., by a process of sealing on such adornments, of a different colour from the ground, from a mould, much in the same way as the impression of a seal is made in wax; but with this difference, that the clay seal is made to adhere to the surface on which it is pressed, the clay being first spread on the mould.

7. Similar in principle is the method of cutting-in patterns from a mould. Such lines of sharp environment serve to set bounds to the little rivulets of flowing colours. When fused and rendered fluid by the heat of the kiln, if not thus checked, they would run down the surface of the vessel.

8. Further, it is quite possible to stamp on the vessel a series of dots or other ornamentation composed of such a material as may be consumed under the influence of the intense heat, leaving a pattern of beautiful crystallised brown-green texture flush with the surface of the ware.

In addition to the Doulton ware (or salt-glaze decorated stoneware) of which we have been speaking, Messrs. Doulton produce several other descriptions of art pottery—(a) silicon ware, (b) enamelled stoneware, (c) Lambeth faience, (d) impasto ware, (e) terra-cotta, and (f) glazed terra-cotta and fire-clay.

In silicon ware the body itself is thoroughly vitrified, various colours being incorporated and fused into the mass. The material attains a slight

"smear" or gloss in the excessive heat to which it is subjected, but otherwise the pieces are unglazed. If any glaze is required it is painted on them. The ware is decorated in various ways—by appliqué ornamentation, *pâte-sur-pâte*, perforation, carving, and inlay. In the last case a lapidary polish is put on the ware in the lathe after it leaves the kiln.

Enamelled stoneware was originally produced in its roughest form about thirty years ago at the Bristol potteries, and is still sometimes spoken of as Bristol ware. At Lambeth it has been advanced to the dignity of art pottery, and is a highly vitrified ware, completed in one firing. It is glazed in various colours with liquid glaze, and is also ornamented with coloured clays.

"Lambeth faience," introduced about ten years ago, is "biscuited" ware, with painted decoration, fired before dipping the piece in a liquid glaze, after which it is fired a second time.

"Impasto" is similarly treated, except that the decoration is effected by using "slips," or soft clays, after which the article is fired once for biscuit and once for glazing.

Terra-cotta, which needs no explanation, includes many works of more or less importance. Foremost amongst them are the panels from Scripture history so admirably modelled by Mr. George Tinworth, of whom we shall have something more to say.

Glazed terra-cotta and fire-clay are principally employed for the decoration of stoves, fireplaces, mantelpieces, etc., and provide a new and attractive feature of modern interior adornment.

The connection between Messrs. Doulton's pottery and the Lambeth School of Art having been intimate and continuous, each has derived strength from the other. The pottery, on the one hand, creates a demand for artistic instruction, whilst the school, on the other, develops the artistic instinct wherever it is to be found amongst the hosts of young girls who attend its classes. Thus many who but for such a combination might have remained unconscious of their capabilities, although alive to an instinctive perception of the beautiful in form or colour, have found a fair opportunity for the cultivation of their ability, and for its profitable application to a definite object. Of course it is not to be supposed that the school or the pottery, or both combined, can create artistic feeling, but they can and do encourage its development. True artists, like poets, are born, not made, and are so rare that the world cannot afford to neglect any means of detecting latent capacity. Messrs. Doulton have had a difficult and interesting problem to solve in the production of pottery which shall both satisfy the requirements of art and please the fancy of the public, and in the organisation and maintenance of a staff of workers who, by economical subdivision of labour, may be enabled to make the most profitable application of their varying degrees of ability. The mechanical and technical faculties are much more rapidly developed than the artistic, and the difficulty is how to make work for the mass which may be converted into a saleable commodity.

Girls come to the pottery at an early age, before they have lost that digital suppleness so essential to all delicate handicrafts, and most necessary to the work of shaping and moulding the pliant and tender clay. They may be divided broadly into two distinct classes, large and small. The latter, employed on innumerable details, must do precisely as they are told; the former, having developed the creative faculty, the power to originate, are left perfectly free to follow the bent of their own fancy. Thus

not be able to lay claim to the credit due to his capacity and originality; and thus, although the employer may be able to achieve his purpose and deprive those to whom his commercial success is due of the modicum of fame which properly belongs to them, he is not unlikely to lose the services of those who can afford to resent such narrow-minded treatment; they become diverted into more generous channels, and the sooner the better for the interests of art and of the community.



DESIGNING.

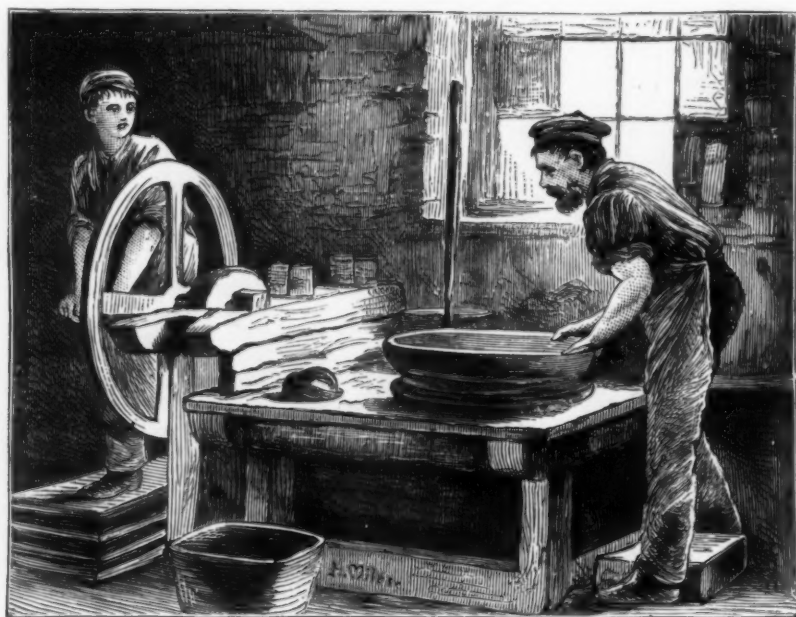
it is that any observant visitor to the show-rooms may find many modes of treatment, so distinctive in character that the artist may frequently be identified at a glance by those who are familiar with the ware. This individuality is encouraged and developed to the utmost, and each piece has the stamp of originality, for no two are alike, except when they are designedly produced in pairs. Moreover, each bears, in addition to Messrs. Doulton's mark, the monogram or initials of the person who designed it; and herein lies a marked difference from the course pursued by some firms. In the old Wedgwood ware, for example—though Miss Meteyard gives no fewer than a hundred of the marks, chiefly those of workmen, which are found upon it—it appears that Wedgwood suppressed, as far as possible, any indication of their personality which his artists might have wished to place upon their designs. This suppression of the merit of the designer—far too common in our own day in all sections of art manufacture—is not only mean and unjust, but impolitic. Designs are not unfrequently altered for the worse, or incongruously blended with others, in order that an artist may

It has long been found impracticable to admit the public to the workrooms, in which some two hundred young girls are engaged in the fabrication of art pottery, and as the exceptions to this rule are necessarily rare, a brief sketch of the operations carried on therein will doubtless be acceptable. The girls join the works at thirteen or fourteen, and whilst full opportunity for the development of ability is accorded to all, the concurrent necessity for utilising their labour makes organisation a matter of nice discrimination. So far as we have been able to judge from personal observation, this discrimination is exercised in a very satisfactory manner. The deadening influence of that suppression of individuality to which allusion has already been made has no place here, and few who have ability to advance in the art to which they apply themselves have any reason to complain of lack of appreciation, though the opportunities for progress must be dependent, more or less, on the wider appreciation of the public, to whose artistic requirements Messrs. Doulton appeal. It is made a condition of employment that all should attend the evening classes at the

Lambeth School of Art, and every facility is afforded for this purpose, each fresh certificate gained by the student bringing with it an increment to her weekly earnings.

The works, unlike most factories, do not consist of a few large rooms in which many workers are congregated, but of many rooms of varied and moderate dimensions. In these the subdivision of labour is effectively maintained, and they have a particularly pleasant aspect to the visitor, being well lighted, orderly, and cheerful, and filled

them on to the ware through stencil plates, which leave the device in relief, sharp and clean as though cut with a knife. In other parts of the building one sees upon the doors of smaller rooms the names of the lady artists who there devote themselves to the highest forms of design and decoration, availing themselves for this purpose of the multifarious forms of the animal and vegetable kingdom, treated naturally or conventionally, according to the fancy and method of each individual artist.



THROWING.

with pleasing objects, of which not the least attractive are the intelligent faces and interested activity of the girls themselves. In the smaller rooms, devoted to the higher branches of the art, only three or four are engaged at their graceful occupation, whilst in some of the larger ones as many as thirty are employed. Each room is placed under the charge of one of its occupants, who has very rarely any necessity for the exercise of the authority delegated to her. In one room may be found the younger girls engaged in making with clay dies the minute details of ornamentation, such as dots, flowers, leaves, discs, rosettes, etc., which are required in great numbers, whilst in others they are seated before little circular stands, turning freely on a pivot, on which are placed the pots to which such ornamentation is to be applied. The ornaments are attached to the "green" or partially dried clay by means of water, and are sealed on from the die itself, or pressed on with the thumb, which becomes sensitively alive to the amount of pressure the clay will bear without injury to the delicacy of the decoration. Other kinds of ornament, such, for example, as a very effective Japanese fret, are applied by pressing

The hand-painted faience is burnt to the condition of "biscuit" before being decorated, after which it is again fired. The turpentine used in the process of painting is thus driven out by red heat, after which the ware is dipped in liquid glaze and burnt a third time. Sometimes it is found desirable to retouch a piece, and when this is done enamel colour is used, after which the piece must be once more sent to the kiln. Every fresh "firing" has, however, to be done at a lower temperature than before, and such repetitions are avoided as much as possible, for, apart from the additional labour they involve, the result is diminished richness and clearness, with a risk of loss of colour, which is apt to sink into the body of the ware or into the glaze.

Great experience is necessary in the pigments employed, owing to the changes effected by the intense heat, and the uninitiated are surprised by the contrast between the ware as it leaves the artist's hands and the finished production. The decoration known as "impasto" also requires special care, for in this the painting is executed with clay colours (*i.e.*, colours of which clay is the base), after which the piece is fired to set the

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colours and the clay. It is then painted with underglaze colours, dipped in glaze, and fired. But it must be borne in mind that the stoneware (or Doulton ware) undergoes much simpler treatment; the plastic clay, having been moulded, incised, painted, and otherwise decorated, is placed in the kiln, salt-glazed during the firing process in the manner already described, and so finished.

Before quitting this department of the Lambeth pottery it should be stated that, as in other large and well-ordered business establishments, various

has been so recently dealt with elsewhere, that little need be said of him here.* A notice of the Lambeth pottery would, however, be incomplete without some mention of the sculptor, George Tinworth. In spite of surroundings that were the reverse of encouraging, this gifted man was in his boyhood so thoroughly imbued with artistic yearnings that restraints and hindrances only served to strengthen the impulses by which they were eventually overcome. A visit to the Lambeth School of Art, to see what the students



SHAVING.

organisations contribute to the comfort, enjoyment, and well-being of the employed, and are left as much as possible to their own management and control. A committee formed from amongst the girls themselves supervises with excellent effect the general conduct and demeanour, and if it be found that friendly remonstrances are desirable, they are generally well received and effectual as restraining influences. Altogether the discipline is excellent, and the elders, on whom so much is dependent, do their best to maintain a high tone amongst their juniors. There are two libraries open to all—a reference library on art subjects, and a circulating library managed by the girls themselves; and also a museum of objects connected with their avocation. During the winter months entertainments, sometimes confined to the versatility to be found within the works and sometimes dependent on the voluntary efforts of outsiders, take place at frequent intervals, and are invariably well attended. There are also rooms in which the girls can take all their meals, if they are so disposed, at a tariff well within the reach of their means.

The work of one member of the artistic staff

were doing, was made the happy means of an encounter with Mr. Sparkes, who, it is needless to say, welcomed so promising a recruit, and encouraged him on the road which has led him to excellence as an original and admirable modeller of Biblical subjects. It is in these that he so greatly excels; and his imaginative faculty, the skill which enables him to give palpable form to its creations, and the single-mindedness and devotion with which he pursues his art for its own sake, have secured for him the cordial recognition of Mr. Ruskin, one of the greatest living authorities on art, as an artist of original and rare merit. His works are so numerous and so well known that they need no particular reference here; for those who are unacquainted with them it will be sufficient to point to the series of reliefs modelled by him for the Guards' Chapel in St. James's Park, to the reredos of York Minster, to the two large terra-cotta panels (now at the South Kensington Museum) representing "The Release of Barabbas" and "Preparing for the Crucifixion," or to the smaller panels of Scriptural

* See the "Sunday at Home" for June.

subjects, some of which are generally to be seen at Lambeth. Other works, in which he has shared in the general development of Messrs. Doulton's art pottery, are as numerous as they are varied in design and execution.*

It only remains for us to notice the preliminary work of the potter in providing the material forms on which the decorators exercise their fancy and skill. This in itself is most interesting to those who have but a vague idea of his ancient art. The clay itself is chiefly obtained, not on the spot, as may be supposed by some, but at Poole, in Dorsetshire, and its peculiar composition accounts for the differences observable between the Lambeth and the modern Rhenish ware, with some advantage to the former in point of colour. The

tion and again reunites the halves. This process has the effect of driving the air out of the clay, and after it has been repeated thirty times the clay is considered sufficiently homogeneous in texture to be handed to the "thrower," or potter, who takes a certain definite quantity, the weight depending on the nature of the piece to be "thrown," and places it upon his wheel, a small horizontal disc revolving on a vertical spindle. He then draws up the clay with his hands into the form of a short column, and instantly depresses it again into a flat cake, the revolutions of the wheel imparting a circular form to the mass. With his thumbs he then opens the centre of this cake, and with his right hand he draws the clay from the inside, meanwhile shaping the exterior



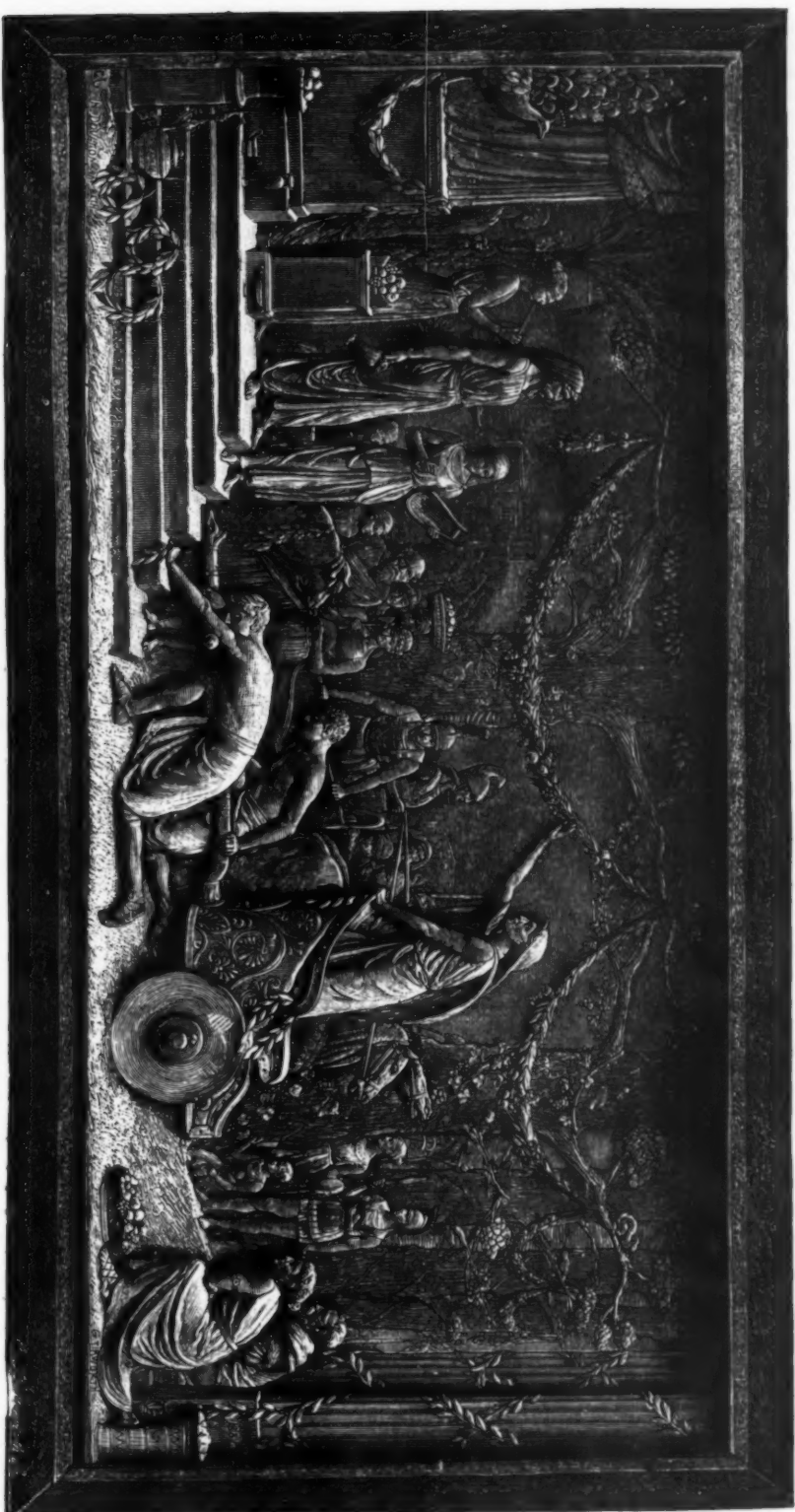
GEORGE TINWORTH.

[From a Terra-Cotta Portrait by Himself.]

clay, having been brought to a proper state of moisture, first undergoes the operation of "wedging." Taking a lump of twenty-eight pounds' weight, a boy divides it with a wire, and then raising one half with both hands, he throws it forcibly upon the other half, after which he again divides the re-formed lump in a different direc-

tion with his left. If the result be not satisfactory he repeats the process, alternately raising and depressing the edge of the vessel as it grows under the fashioning of his fingers, until the desired shape is attained. He then passes a small shaving-iron down the profile of the piece to give it a finishing touch, after which a wire is passed beneath it to separate it from the revolving disc, and it is removed by an attendant satellite. The whole of this process is accomplished with astonishing rapidity, and a skilful thrower will go on hour after hour producing vessels precisely alike in form, capacity, and thickness, with no other guidance than a whalebone gauge projecting from an upright to indicate the height of the vessel to the shoulder and its diameter at that point; or,

* The illustration which we give of Mr. Tinworth's work, in low relief, "The Sons of Cydippe," is a setting of the beautiful old classic story. The tradition relates how, when oxen could not be procured to draw their mother's chariot to the Temple of Juno, Cleobis and Biton, her sons, put themselves under the yoke, and drew it forty-five stadia to the Temple amidst the acclamations of the multitude, who congratulated the mother upon the filial affection of her sons. Cydippe entreated the goddess to reward the piety of her sons with the best gift that could be granted to a mortal. They went to rest and awoke no more, and by this the goddess is fabled to have taught the blessedness of death.



By permission of Messrs. Doulton.

THE SONS OF CYDIPPE.

(George Tinsworth.)

departing for the moment from his immediate occupation, will in a few minutes place before the visitor a dozen typical vases, varied in design. It is particularly essential that the walls of a vessel should be of uniform thickness, and this can only be determined by the practised touch of the workman as he moulds it into shape with his fingers. When very large vessels are made, such, for example, as chemical pots standing as high as a man's shoulder, and holding 300 or 400 gallons, they are built up by degrees, the lower part being "thrown" first, as far as the arm will conveniently reach, after which another portion is added, and so on until the whole is completed.

The smaller vases, etc., made for the art pottery department are first partially dried, and when sufficient moisture has been evaporated

they are placed in the lathe, which gives a high finish to the surface. The clay is of so fine a texture that it takes a high polish as the shaving-iron or burnisher of the turner passes over its surface, and the most delicate mouldings and fillets are fashioned with ease. Such vessels as require handles subsequently undergo the process of "handling," after which they are set aside until they are in a condition to be subjected to the various decorative processes already described.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to dwell on other details connected with the manufacture of art pottery as it is pursued at Lambeth, and we will therefore conclude by wishing it increased success and extended appreciation amongst persons of cultivated taste.

F. F.

NOTABLE BLIND FOLKS.

BLINDNESS, like every other misfortune or calamity, exerts a widely different influence upon different minds and temperaments. For very many loss of sight involves such a shattering of the whole framework of body and mind, and such a weakening of the remaining senses and powers, that "Pity the poor blind" fitly expresses the burden of the soul grieving in darkness over its vanished hopes. But there are others who have accepted their position manfully, and by their very affliction have been nerved to greater individuality and concentration of purpose. The very last thing they seek is pity, and no higher compliment can be paid them than to treat them as other men and make no apparent allowances for their supposed deprivation. The frequency with which many blind people talk of going to *see* a person or a place illustrates the desire to ignore their physical deficiency. To them the perception in any way of outward surroundings is practically *seeing*, and no doubt they would attach their own signification to the sage reflection of honest Sancho, "No man becomes blind by merely shutting his eyes, nor does a fool always see by opening them."

Tradition says that Democritus put out his eyes in order that he might philosophise the better. Plutarch and other classic writers evidently doubt this story very much, and we have not heard of any other similar instance of alleged voluntary blindness. Philosophers of later date have usually found other ways of shutting out the outer world when occasion required it without seeking a condition which under the most favourable circumstances cannot but be a grievous affliction. In many ways the blind must be at the mercy of others, and we may remember how in the very first recorded case of blindness—that of Isaac—wife and child successfully combined to deceive the sightless patriarch.

We purpose in the present papers taking a

glance at various notable blind people who in different ways have manfully fulfilled their life task or have even attained celebrity in spite of the barrier that to some extent separated them from their kind. To Samson Agonistes and his terrible vengeance on the Philistines we need only allude, and many other ancient names must be lightly passed over, reserving our space for those instances in which more is known of the actual blindness itself and of its results in connection with the individual experience. Suffice it to name the Greek general Timoleon, and Aufidius, the honoured Roman senator, and Bela, the wise and able king of Hungary. Our readers will doubtless remember how "blind old Dandolo" planted the standard of Venice upon the ramparts of Constantinople, the very city in which he had been deprived of sight four score years previously. And then how, released by this blind general, the blind emperor, Isaac Angelus, stepped forth from his prison to his throne. This said Angelus, by-the-by, was by no means an admirable character, neither was the "treacherous Theodore," another blind emperor. Glancing forward to the fourteenth century, we see the blind old King John of Bohemia led across the field of Poitiers on horseback to where he could strike "four or five good blows" at the Prince of Wales. Ever since he and his knights died together, the Princes of Wales have worn his crest and motto. In the following century the "one-eyed" Zisca lost his one eye in battle, but continued for five years to rout the armies of the Emperor and defy the Pope; and history affords us other examples of eminent blind men leading armies or governing States.

Some of the grandest poetry, as we all know, has been written by men whose eyes were closed for ever to the beauties of the outer world. Blind Homer, and in a still greater degree our English Milton, have given immortal proofs how genius can rise untrammelled by mere loss of vision.

And there have been minor bards who sang sweetly in spite of the same privation. The poet Gower, who sleeps in St. Mary Overy's Church, by London Bridge, although blind in his latter days, did not cease to write. Blind Harry, the Homer of Scotland in the fourteenth century, lost his sight in infancy. In blindness and poverty he wandered about, turning into verse the stories he heard told about Scottish heroes, and getting food and raiment by his recitations. His chief poem, in ten books, celebrates the achievements of Sir William Wallace, and contains many stirring and some pathetic passages. From among the many instances of blind poets, English and foreign, we may select, as in some respects a typical case, that of Blacklock.

James Blacklock was the son of an English tradesman living at Annan in Scotland. Having lost his sight from smallpox when only six months old, he could have no recollection of the natural scenery which he afterwards described so well. He was kindly brought up and educated by his father, who used to read to him a great deal of standard English poetry and other literature. Blacklock began to write verses at an early age; a poem to a little girl, written when he was twelve years of age, is preserved in his works. When nineteen he lost his father by an accident, but by this time his talents had won him many friends and admirers, and he was helped to go and study at Edinburgh, where he spent ten years. He was licensed by the Presbytery and proved himself an effective preacher. The living of Kirkcudbright was presented to him, but the parishioners were prejudiced against a blind minister, and after making him very uncomfortable for two years, compelled him to retire. He spent the remainder of his life at Edinburgh in literary pursuits and in teaching young men who boarded at his house. He died in 1791 at the age of seventy.

Blacklock was a good Greek, Latin, and French scholar, and a successful student of the exact sciences. His theological attainments alone won him considerable repute, and in 1766 the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by Edinburgh University. He published various books and treatises, and was the author of the article "Blind" in the original *Encyclopædia Britannica*. All this, in conjunction with his blindness, proves Blacklock to have been a very remarkable man. But it was to his poetry, although it does not by any means attain to the highest excellence, that his celebrity was mainly due. It must ever remain a marvel that a man who had scarcely seen the light, and whose world of poetic ideas and imagery had been evolved by assimilation of the descriptions read to him, could so forcibly depict the world. He speaks of "the flowery pride of May," of hill-tops that "blushed with the morning's earliest ray," of the crocus "shining in yellow glory," and so forth *ad infinitum*. Then again:

"Oft on the glassy stream, with raptured eyes,
Surveys her form in mimic sweetness rise;
Oft as the waters, pleased, reflect her face,
Adjusts her locks, and heightens every grace."

There has been much argument about this matter, and it still remains an enigma. But, however explained, it affords an astonishing illustration of the power of genius.

We have lingered so long over Blacklock that we must pass over Rushton, and Wilson, and Frances Brown and others, and turn to the musicians. Music is naturally one of the chief luxuries of the blind, and as a class they have been noted for musical skill, especially in the case of stringed instruments. Blind harpers are unmistakably figured on Egyptian tombs, and are of constant recurrence in history and fiction. Salinas, blind from his birth, was Professor of Music at Salamanca University in the sixteenth century; a talented composer and one of the most famous writers on the science of music. Crumbhorn, blind from his fourth year, was Director of the Musical College at Lignitz; he excelled on the organ, the violin, and the flute, a threefold fame which has very seldom fallen to the lot of the same individual. A famous example of the blind harper type is found in Turlough O'Carolan, who lost his sight in infancy. He was a poet as well as a musician, and made a good living by riding about the country and playing his compositions, which are said to have numbered four hundred. Love, war, and religion were his favourite themes, and there is no doubt he was the greatest as well as nearly the last of the Irish bards. He died in 1738, at which time a noted blind musician, John Stanley, was organist of the Temple Church in London, and also of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Stanley lost his sight when two years old; he early displayed musical talent, and at the age of eleven became organist of Allhallows, Bread Street. Two years afterwards he was chosen from a numerous band of competitors to be organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Stanley was famous not only as an organist, but as a conductor also, and performer on the flute and violin at concerts. It was nothing unusual for thirty or forty musicians (Handel amongst them) to attend the Temple Church to hear blind Stanley play a voluntary. As a composer he produced some good work, and the well-known psalm-tune "Calvary" and several others are by him.

It was by no means an unusual thing for blind organists to perform in London churches about the beginning of the present century, and Purkis, Warne, Mather, and others were justly celebrated. Later on a prejudice arose against this class, and advertisements for organists often contained the announcement, "No blind need apply."

Blind divines have been but few in number. By the law of Moses, and by the canon law of the Roman Catholic Church, it was not permitted to a blind priest to hold office. We have seen how the Presbyterians rejected Blacklock as a minister, and other religious bodies seem to have shared in this widespread prejudice. Dr. Lucas, Vicar of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, in 1683 became blind soon after his appointment, but continued his charge and wrote numerous works. He died in 1715. His most popular work was the inquiry after happiness, which contains a touching refer-

ence to his own blindness. A Dr. Guyse is mentioned by Toplady as becoming suddenly blind, but he preached better than ever, and an old lady hearer kindly told him she wished his sight had been taken away twenty years before—he would have been so much more useful.

We must not omit to mention in this class the eminent Puritan divine John Troughton, who was blind from four years of age. His controversial works, as well as his preaching, won him a high reputation, and he managed so to live as to win the esteem of his antagonists as well as of those of his own party—a thing rare in that age of strife and intolerance.

Amongst blind lawyers we find the distinguished name of Bacon in the person of a descendant of Lord Verulam. Dr. Nicholas Bacon lost his sight when a child by an arrow, which he was attempting to shoot from a cross-bow. As a youth he set before himself the example of a mediæval blind scholar of whom he had read, and determined to outvie him. His University career astonished the professors, and after taking his degree he became an advocate, and was famous for winning almost every suit in which he was engaged. A yet more wonderful career is set before us in the case of Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate of Bow Street. Blind from early childhood, before his appointment to the Bench he had reached the highest rank amongst the barristers of the Home Circuit, of whose convivial gatherings, moreover, he was the life and soul. To him belongs the high honour of stamping out the bribery and corruption which until his appointment provided magistrates with their chief emoluments. His acuteness was unrivalled, and he forgot nothing; any prisoner who came before him speedily found that his previous appearances at that court were distinctly remembered. Yet Sir John, though a terror to evildoers, was a mercy-loving man and a genuine philanthropist, and took a prominent part in promoting or founding benevolent societies and asylums. He published various tracts relating to pawnbrokers, police, and the penal code. In private life he was renowned for his conversational powers, and for his constant flow of anecdote. He had a speaking-tube attached to his chariot, so that his coachman could tell him what was causing any obstruction they met with. Sir John often produced a startling effect by shouting out, in magisterial tones, "Take that cart out of the way!" or, "You, sir, in that chaise, drive on!" How a blind man could at once perceive the cause of a stoppage was to those not in the secret a strange enigma. To his invalid brother, Henry Fielding, the novelist, Sir John acted a brother's part, and took the children under his care after their father's premature decease. He died in 1780, dreaded as "Blind Fielding, the Thief-catcher," by the criminal classes, but admired and esteemed by all the well-disposed. "The blind should never forget," says Mr. W. H. Levy, the talented director of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, and himself blind from early infancy, "that the first Chief Magistrate of England was without sight from early youth, that he was

knighted for his abilities, that he was a scholar and a Christian philanthropist, and that in magisterial success he has never been surpassed."

Other blind lawyers who have attained to eminence and wealth might be mentioned, but we will now turn to philosophical writers, amongst whom many blind men have taken high positions. Passing over Diodorus and Didymus and Aufidius Bassus, and other remote personages, we will refer first to the remarkable case of John Gough, of Kendal. He was only three years old when, in December, 1759, that scourge of England in pre-vaccination times, smallpox, deprived him of his sight. By earnest effort he acquired a good education at the Kendal Grammar School; his classical studies were not neglected, but zoology and botany became his favourite pursuits. In minute examination of plants he used the tip of his tongue as well as his fingers. The latter were so susceptible, and his memory so good, that towards the close of his life he named a rare plant that was placed in his hands, and of which he had only handled one specimen about fifty years previously. Whilst very young he began to study experimental philosophy and mathematics, in which he afterwards attained to great success as a teacher. Amongst his scholars were several who themselves became famous, including the eminent Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, Dr. Whewell, tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, and other well-known Cambridge tutors and wranglers. Gough was certainly the most successful blind schoolmaster on record.

Alexander Davidson, of Dalkeith, became blind after a fever in childhood. His education had been well begun, and he had displayed considerable precocity, and his affliction did not stay the development of his mental powers. Not content with studying the Latin classics, he learnt them by heart. At the University he had a successful career, and was looking forward to entering the ministry when difficulties arose as to licensing a blind man, and young Davidson experienced great mental suffering at seeing his cherished hopes thus ruthlessly destroyed. Recovering from his disappointment, he became a public lecturer on scientific subjects in Edinburgh and other large towns. His fascinating eloquence drew large audiences, and the lecturing scheme was abundantly successful. He was twice married, and Wilson, the blind biographer, says: "Both ladies managed his experiments with a neatness and a grace which excited general admiration and put to shame the clumsy manipulations of our male practitioners."

Another eminent blind philosopher and mathematician was Dr. Saunderson, who was blinded by smallpox before he was one year old. His school career was so successful that wealthy friends helped him to complete his education, especially in mathematics and philosophy, which were his favourite pursuits. He subsequently went to Cambridge as an independent lecturer on these subjects. A blind man lecturing on Optics was a novelty, and students flocked in crowds to hear him. He was introduced to Sir Isaac Newton (whose "Principia" was one of the

works Saunderson used to expound), and through this great man's recommendation a degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the blind philosopher by royal prerogative. This made him a member of the University, and, at the age of twenty-nine, he was elected Professor of Mathematics. His career at the University was brilliant, but though a great genius he was not an amiable man, and he was no Christian.* On his deathbed he reproached Providence for having deprived him of sight, and his last despairing cry was, "O God of Clarke and Newton, have pity upon me!"

It is usual to assign to Leonard Euler a place among blind philosophers, although a large portion of his life-work was completed during the fifty-nine years that elapsed before he lost his eyesight. But he lived twenty years after that, and astonished the scientific world by labours that would alone have sufficed to immortalise him. He was born in 1707, and lost one eye in

1735 by working out in three days and nights an intricate problem which several eminent mathematicians had declared would require some months for its completion. This eye he considered well lost, and when late in life the other eye became blind from cataract he continued his calculations as vigorously as ever. His "Elements of Algebra" were dictated to a tailor, who by acting as amanuensis to Euler gained a clear knowledge of a science of which he previously knew nothing. His "New Theory of the Moon" and other abstruse works, comprising calculations of the most complicated character, followed. By an operation his sight was restored to him, but he immediately overtasked it, and lost it for ever. He laboured on till September 7th, 1783. On that day he had been making calculations as to the motions of balloons, then just invented, and whilst talking to his coadjutor Lexell about the new planet Uranus, and playing with his little grandchild, he suddenly and painlessly expired.

EDWIN HODDER.

* He could only believe in a Deity discernible by the sense of touch.

FEME SOLE: A SKETCH.

PART I.—"WAIT HERE FOR FIRST CLASS."

"WAIT here for first class" was written up just where Miss Graham was standing; just where the middle of the train would be when it stopped at this gloomy, sulphurous, unspeakably abominable underground station, somewhere between Aldgate and Edgware Road. Miss Graham had had the satisfaction of seeing a "Praed Street, Brompton, and West-min-ister" train steam off just as she arrived at the foot of the stairs, and she was past the age at which people will sometimes venture life and limb in preference to waiting ten minutes.

Three of Miss Graham's ten minutes had passed when her attention was drawn to some one belonging to "Wait here for third class" who caught her eye as she walked up and down between the mean intended for the heavy-pocketed and the extremes meant for the light. Miss Graham watched this some one for two or three minutes before she yielded to her first impulse and came up to her. The third-class passenger was a young gentlewoman, a girl of not more than eighteen or nineteen. Miss Graham had seen her open her purse, apparently to get out her ticket. A puzzled look had come over her face; evidently the ticket was missing. She had taken two or three things out of her pocket: no, the missing ticket was not there. Then the girl had walked up to the porter who had snipped her ticket. It was plain that he had not seen it since he had snipped it. She had gone back then to the third-class waiting-place, and was looking on the ground in a hopeless way, when Miss Graham advanced to her.

"You have lost your ticket, I see. Can I be of any use?"

A pair of very sweet hazel eyes were lifted to hers, and a flush came over the fair little face, whose owner said,

"I think it is quite lost, thank you. I believe I must go home before I can get another. I have stupidly come out with only enough money to pay for this ticket."

"Oh, please don't do that. You may miss your appointment. Are you going Kensington way?"

"South Kensington."

"See here, my ticket is South Kensington. Do let me give it you and get myself another. Excuse the liberty, but you see I am old enough to be your mother."

In a moment the white ticket was in the younger lady's hand, and before there was time for thanking, Miss Graham had gone. She was back again just as the train came up, but she could not find room in the compartment into which she had seen the little shabby black dress vanish. So the wearer of the said dress could not speak to her until both were just outside the station door. There the girl came up to her.

"Oh, let me thank you for your kindness. It was important that I should get to South Kensington in good time, as the lady I am going to call on may not be at home after four. Thank you so very much. Will you give me your address that I may send . . . ?"

"Send me stamps?" laughed Miss Graham. "Oh, please don't let me feel that you think such a trifle of any importance; and consider my sex

and age, which entitle me to do a wee bit of mothering to girls."

Miss Graham retained the girl's hand for a moment.

"I am so glad to have seen the stupid little accident. And now can I be of any further use? Can I take you anywhere? My perambulator is waiting; won't you let it be of use to two instead of one?"

The younger lady looked round with a bewildered air, when her gaze met a perambulator with two fat babies. She turned to Miss Graham with an expression that made her smile. "It's only my nonsense. See here." A footman opened the door of a landau, and, obeying the signal in Miss Graham's face, the young lady got in. "Now, where shall I tell him to stop?"

"But I may be taking you out of your way. Oh, pray let me walk. I really must not be so troublesome."

"You are not in the very least troublesome. I shall like to take you even if it does make me go a little out of my way. I am almost ashamed of driving such a little distance—I've had a bad cold, or I shouldn't—and so you will make me feel more comfortable."

"Then will you put me down at Alma House, Prince's Avenue?"

"Alma House? Why, that's where I live! How funny! Home!" and the carriage went on. "So you were coming to see me? How very nice! I shall be doubly glad to have met you."

"I was coming to see Miss Graham; at least to try and see her."

"Miss Graham—yes—Miss Graham is me; or, in rigid propriety, Miss Graham is I. But I like *me* better: don't you? And it's so long since I was a governess that I have had time to forget to be proper. Tell me your name, if you don't mind."

"Etty Reynolds."

"Reynolds!"

"Do you know some one of the name?" said the girl.

"I did once, ever so long ago, when I was young. And so you were coming to see me? Yes. But here we are already."

They were in the drawing-room in a little time, a large room furnished in what I can only call a pleasurable way, beautifully and comfortably, and, shall I add, unaffectedly?

Miss Graham took off her bonnet.

"I can't wear a bonnet in the house. I don't know what I shall do when the evil days of capdom come upon me."

"That won't be for a long time," said Etty.

"I don't mean it to be: I'll put it off."

She sat as if waiting for Miss Reynolds to speak. Etty took a letter from her pocket.

"This is from Mr. Gerard How," she said. "I think it will explain why I have come."

"Ah! Thank you. Excuse me." The blush had come to Miss Reynolds's face. Miss Graham had barely glanced at the note when she said, "Would you care to go and look at the flowers while I read this?"

She took Etty to the conservatory, which was

opened into from the end of the room. "I'll leave you here for a few moments if I may. My friends are good enough to keep me in flowers: I hardly ever buy any."

Etty knew why she had been left with the flowers, as she watched Miss Graham's tall form cross the room, and she was grateful.

This was the letter.

"Dear Miss Graham,—You know I never apologise for pulling at either your heart-strings or your purse-strings. You are a lucky woman to be able to put them in communication to such a considerable extent, and luckier still to have me to keep you from growing too rich. 'Who is the new baby?' you ask. Well, madam, the new baby is the sweetest little girl possible. My wife is upstairs—No she isn't—She has just popped in and looked over my shoulder; and as she has rather endorsed my sentiments than otherwise, I am free to go on. The dearest child in the world, I say she is, who has been trying to support herself and her father for some months on the income she gets as daily governess. What do you think Mrs. — (I've forgotten her name, which is all the better for her) has the face to give this child? A very few pounds per annum! I won't tell you how few. And she does for this whatever governesses are expected to do! The father has been blind for some years. He has been giving music lessons and playing at evening parties, and managed to eke out a fair subsistence until he got a fever not long ago. He went to the hospital and has been out a few weeks. At present he can do hardly anything, and has lost his pupils, and this brave little lassie has been nursing and teaching and pawning, and so on. I'm half ashamed to write it all, because if I'd only known it you'd have done something. Find the girl a sinecure of a couple of hundred a year, and send the father somewhere to the seaside."

"Your godson blooming. The young rascal doubled up his fists and punished me severely last night because I expressed a preference of his room to his company."

"How did I come to know all this? Oh, somehow I got to know—don't be too inquisitive—it was of old a woman's error."

"Affectionately yours,

"GERARD HOW."

Miss Graham read the letter twice, folded it up in a deliberate sort of way, put it into a drawer of a davenport, and went into the conservatory.

Etty was standing before a magnolia, with a look of quiet content on her face.

Miss Graham took her by the two hands, "Will you come and have a chat with me now? I have read my friend's letter, and I seem to know you a little." She led Etty to the sofa, still holding her hands, and sat down beside her.

"And so your father has been ill! Poor little girl! But I ought rather to say 'Rich little girl!' for you are rich in having a father."

"You have none, then?" said Etty, softly.

"No; I don't even remember my father; he died when I was a very little girl. My mother died twenty years ago; and I have no brother nor sister; I am *feme sole* in the broadest sense."

"I don't believe you are alone," said Etty, lightly touching Miss Graham's hand in a shy tender fashion.

"Why?"

"I think everybody must love you."

"Oh—well—well—yes—I have a great deal of love, and I'm thankful for it. However, let's come back to our muttons: here they are in the shape of a little stray lamb. Fie on you, Elizabeth Graham, you are growing poetical. Now, my dear, tell me what you would like?"

"What I should like? Oh, I should like to be *sure* of a hundred a year. I'm afraid that seems dreadfully ambitious, but you see in London things do cost such a lot. Of course we could do with less, but we could manage quite well on a hundred."

"Tell me what Mr. How said when he advised you to come to me."

"He said—oh, he said that he thought you would be able to help me."

"Did he suggest any way?"

"No, he said—"

"Well, go on! I'm used to Gerard How."

"He said you—were—were a brick, and that if any one could help me you could."

"Oh, I only know that I want to help, want it very much. And I know something about things because I was once a teacher myself. Has Mr. How told you so?"

"He has told me you were once Mrs. How's—"

"Yes, governess? You don't suppose I'm ashamed of it?"

"No—o—but—"

Miss Graham's laugh set the matter right.

"Mrs. How is my child," I always say, and Gerard says that man and wife being one flesh, *he* is my child too. I didn't deserve to have such a dear pair of children, for I took up teaching because I was poor. I got to love it, though. That's where the mischief lies! Women take up teaching because they're poor! I did, and therefore I protest all the more strongly against it! I couldn't make money in any other way."

"Neither can I," said Etty.

"Ah, yes, you are in my old boat! So you teach?"

"Yes; I am teaching three children every day."

"All day?"

"Oh, no; I am free at five, and on Saturdays at one. But it's rather a disadvantage to be free at one, because I don't get my dinner. I have dinner with the children on the other days. I used to manage on Saturdays without telling father—"

"Why?" interrupted Miss Graham. "I beg your pardon, but I don't quite understand."

"Well, you see, father used to think I had had dinner, and then he didn't mind having meat at tea-time—tea-dinner, you know; but he soon found out. He's just like a woman, you know, he notices everything, and it makes no difference his being blind."

"You and he are great friends, then?"

"We love each other more than I can tell," said the girl.

Miss Graham turned aside her head for a moment. Then she said, "What do they pay you? You don't mind my asking you?"

"Oh, no; if one wants help one mustn't mind being asked questions, and you would not ask uncomfortable ones."

"Thanks for your good opinion! and you have—"

"About thirty pounds a year. That is, I have twenty as salary, and I count my dinner at a shilling a day. I have dinner there about forty weeks; they are out of town three months."

"And how long have you been with them?"

"A year. Father was making enough for us both until he lost his sight about three years ago. Then we lived partly on his savings, and I tried hard to get work, but I couldn't. You see, I'm not educated—I mean, I've learnt very little indeed. For three or four years I was very delicate, and could do only very, very little without being tired. I did want to be a musician, but I hurt my wrist when I was a little girl, and I never could practise enough, or nearly enough. I can play accompaniments. I have read things with father, but not geography and arithmetic, and those things. I tried to learn up some things, but, you see, when father was first blind I had to be with him constantly. Now he isn't a bit helpless, but he was at first. He has been so dreadfully sorry about my not having had a proper education. He hadn't thought I should have to work for my bread. Every year he was saving something till this blindness came."

"How did you get this situation you now have?" asked Miss Graham.

"Through an advertisement I answered. It was the hundred and thirty-seventh I had tried, and I thought myself very fortunate. But now it seems as if I ought to try to get something better, for father's sake."

"Do you like teaching?"

"No; I'm afraid I don't. I love *children*; they're the best part of it."

"I suppose you know that in the new high schools for girls women get better salaries than they used to have? I think the under-mistresses begin at from sixty to ninety, and go on up to a hundred and fifty and upwards. The head-mistresses start, I believe, with two hundred and fifty, and have after a time what are called capitation fees."

Etty opened her eyes.

"It's hard work, you know," pursued Miss Graham—"work that requires training as well as knowledge. The Company is trying to make girls' education *thorough*—that is, they want to make ordinary what has hitherto been exceptional. But I mustn't say too much about it, for if I mount that hobby of mine I shall not get off it in a hurry. This is what I think of for you. Are you willing to give up two or three years to be trained?"

"I can't afford it," said Etty.

"I would find the money. You might consider it a loan, repayable within as many years as you like."

"But father?"

"My loan would include everything. I would lend you whatever sum we found, on talking matters over, would be comfortably sufficient. If your father gets more work it need not be so very much. You would attend the new training college."

Etty was silent for a few moments. "I cannot be grateful enough to you," she said, at last, but there was a tone of great sadness in her voice.

"You don't like my plan?" said Miss Graham, a little gravely.

Etty's eyes were full of tears.

"Dear child, do tell me what you feel. I don't want to force you to go my way; but, you see, we must be practical. It's very clear that, if you really know as little as you say, you can't get fifty pounds a year; as to a hundred, it would be preposterous to think of it. Forgive me for speaking so plainly."

Etty rose and held out her little shabbily-gloved hand. "I had better go, Miss Graham. Thank you very, very much; but there would be no use in my thinking of such a thing. I know—"

"Yes?"

"I suppose you will think I am a fool, but I know I should die! I *can't* be trained like that. I don't know whether I can make you understand, but it's something like this. It's very foolish; I'm very foolish."

The girl's forehead was in vertical wrinkles, and her lip quivered. Miss Graham only stroked her hand, and she went on.

"I've never been to school; I've never left father; I *know* I couldn't learn enough to—to justify my running so horribly in debt, Miss Graham."

What was to be done? Miss Graham prided herself a little—or perhaps I may say not a little—on her practicality, all the more so that by nature she was utterly impractical; indeed, if she had only known it, her present proposal savoured not a little of this terrible impracticality.

A refuge for the puzzled and distressed Elizabeth Graham suddenly appeared: the butler brought in tea.

"Now let's have some tea," said Miss Graham, cheerily; "and let's forget all this horrid training and teaching for the present."

Etty smiled and sat down, looking much relieved. But in a moment or two she said, "Don't think me very wicked, but I *know* I couldn't learn, and it wouldn't be right to burden myself with such a debt."

"Well, well, let's have some tea, and then our brains will be cleared, and we shall be able to see what to do."

Just as Etty had finished her tea the door opened, and the announcement was made, "Mr. How!"

Miss Graham's face lighted up as she said, "Oh! here you are! And here is a friend of yours."

Mr. How shook hands and deposited himself in a big chair. But he soon struggled out of it, saying, "What on earth do you have such monstrosities for as feather-beds in the shape of chairs?"

"Suit yourself, my good friend," said Miss

Graham, "and don't growl. I suppose I dare not offer you some tea?"

Mr. How's nose went up a little higher than nature had meant it to go.

"Catlap!" was all he said.

"There now! Miss Reynolds, have you ever seen so rude a man?"

Etty laughed as she rose to go.

"Mr. How joins us at tea late in the day, but he says it's demoralising to have anything between meals."

"Don't go yet," said Miss Graham; "I want to talk to this friend of yours about you, and then I want to talk to you. Suppose you both stay to dinner—half-past six. Can you, Miss Reynolds?"

"Thank you very much, but my father will be expecting me by seven or thereabouts."

"He will not be anxious? No? Then do stay."

Etty blushed like a little rose.

"I think I mustn't stay to dinner, but I needn't go just yet."

The girl felt as if she ought not to stay, because she remembered her communication respecting her Saturday dinner.

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that arrangement," said Miss Graham. "I'm going to carry Mr. How off to the library for a few minutes. Will you stay here and read poetry? You see, I'm treating you very unceremoniously. There's Browning on those little shelves all to himself. I'm taking it for granted that you care for him, because I care so much for him myself."

"What are we to do with the child?" said Miss Graham, as she stood in the library window, after having given Mr. How an account of what had passed.

"What a good body you are!" said Mr. How. "I know some folk who would have said, 'Why on earth did you send her here?'"

"A truce to compliments; let us come to the practical question. What's to be done?"

"I told you in my letter."

"No, you made no suggestion."

"Pardon; I made one practical enough even for you. I said you were to find her a sinecure of two hundred a year."

"Very fine. And on what grounds? Why, even you must know how demoralising sinecures are."

"I do know that noteworthy fact, and I wish this child to be demoralised by one."

"Gerard, do be practical."

"Certainly, O lady, on whose tomb, in ages far remote let us hope, shall be inscribed the touching legend, 'Here lies the most practical of her sex.'"

Miss Graham smiled, but made a little gesture of impatience.

"Seriously, then," said Mr. How, "here is the case. Other folk in carelessness, you in charity, are trying hard to make a sow's ear out of a silken purse."

"Gerard!"

"Yes, I mean it. I find this girl working for ridiculous wages. She came to my studio when the children, her pupils, were sitting for their por-

traits, and we got friendly. Jessie took as great a fancy to her as I, and we asked her father and her to tea. We see a good deal of them now. The father is a very cultivated man; poor fellow, he has seen hosts of trouble. I think, from what I have seen of him, that he was born with a light careless sort of temperament, and that it has taken all this pain to make him rise. Well, he's sitting to me now as Thamyris. I put the offer to him in a very squeaky fashion, and he just said, 'I'm not above doing anything to earn my bread, only, I beg you, don't suggest anything of the kind for Etty.' I had been thinking of getting her some day to sit to me, but of course that idea was squashed. Well, I was telling you that she is teaching at this absurd salary, and if it were five times as much she's not fit to teach. I mean she's not fit to earn her bread as a teacher. Don't you see she's all nerves?"

"She talked very sensibly, though, about the necessity for getting work."

"Of course. You don't suppose nervous folk are necessarily fools? I tell you 'roughing it' is simply torture to her. I know she feels flayed. Oh, Miss Graham, don't you see?"

Miss Graham's eyes were misty.

"And don't you see," went on Mr. How, "that we can't help her as you can? We've got these kids."

Miss Graham interrupted him. "It isn't the money; you know that."

"I do know that. It's the fear of not doing the thing rightly; it's the shadow of the Charity Organisation Society. Come now, trust your heart, and let the C. O. S. alone."

"And what does my heart, in the mouth of Gerard How, say?"

"It says, Let the girl come to you once or twice a week to read to you, which you will pay for, not at the value of the market. Give her lessons, if you like, of any good masters and mistresses. Ask her and her father to your at-homes, give her a pretty frock, introduce people to her—ten to one you won't have to think long what's to be done."

"I think you are the absurdest man I've ever known," said Miss Graham. "However, I'll be absurd too for once. Where do these people come from, Gerard? They are not Londoners."

"Oh, no. Mr. Reynolds had an estate in Devonshire, which his wife's extravagance lost to him. By the way, Miss Graham, you're 'a man of Devon' too. Perhaps—"

"No, no!" said Miss Graham, quickly. "He won't remember; he won't know—I beg your pardon."

Miss Graham's soft red colouring was gone. She stood a moment very pale. Then laying her hand on Mr. How's arm, she said,

"Please never tell them I come from Devon. I shall like to help this little girl. I thought for just a moment I would rather not come into contact with them. I do know the name—in fact, I knew some Reynoldses years ago when I was young. When you spoke just now about Mr. Reynolds having an estate in Devon I knew it

must be the same. But that's long ago. You won't say anything about it?"

"Certainly not."

Two hands met in a hearty grasp, and then Mr. How and Miss Graham went back to the drawing-room.

The door was slightly ajar, and they could hear a sound as of some one reading. Mr. How put his finger on his lips, and noiselessly pushed the door a little more open. Etty was sitting in the window with a book in her lap. She looked very lovely with the light of the setting sun on her hair and neck, as she sat with uncovered head; her big hat was lying at her feet. She was reading what they knew, as they listened, to be Browning's "Saul." The tones were low, but the enunciation was distinct, without any pedantic overstress. The reading was not dramatic; it was not the reading of a professional elocutionist; but it was such reading as Miss Graham had never hitherto heard. The reading of one in whose soul, not on whose lips, the music had been born, and had flowed outward in a fair current. It was reading not only interpretative, but interpenetrative to the highest degree. When she stopped, Miss Graham was standing beside her.

She looked up with a startled expression.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but it was so utterly beautiful I couldn't help reading it aloud; it's a trick I have. I'm sorry."

"I'm not!" said Miss Graham, emphatically.

"Will you come and read to me every Saturday at eleven?"

"Would you like it? Do you care about hearing people read?"

"I am not sure that I do care about hearing people read," said Miss Graham, "but I like hearing Miss Etty Reynolds."

"I will *gladly* come," said Etty.

"I will send you a cheque for your first month; no, let me give it you now."

In what seemed a very short time Miss Graham had left the room and come back again. "It's in gold; I thought it might be more convenient."

Etty stared at the little packet.

"Won't you take it, dear? Would you rather have a cheque?"

"But I can't take that; it's a great deal more than my reading is worth. There *must* be five or six sovereigns there."

"There are eight. I have often given more than that for one reading which gave me and my friends nothing like the pleasure yours gives me. And you will give me four."

Etty only put her arms round Miss Graham's neck and gave a little sob. Miss Graham kissed her and for a moment strained her to her breast with a passion that Etty felt all through her frame: then she let her go almost suddenly. Mr. How now came forward. They had not noticed his absence, and were both surprised when he said, "I've been having a hansom called, Miss Graham, and by her leave I'll take this lady home to the pleasant meads and shady valleys of Notting Hill, or, I should say, West Kensington, where she and I have our abode."

"Saturday, then!" said Miss Graham. The next moment her guests were gone.

Then Miss Graham went to her bedroom and locked the door, and wept very bitterly.

PART II.—"OH, LOST MY LOVE, ELIZABETH!"

SOME three months had passed. Etty had given up what Mr. How irreverently called her twopenny-halfpenny engagement, and was going twice a week to Kensington, once to read to Miss Graham, and once to read to an old gentleman, to whom it was a great enjoyment to hear Etty read, but who would listen to no poetry except that of Pope, Young, and Scott.

"No, my dear," he had said, when Etty had slightly remonstrated—"no, my dear, I am too old to care for your incomprehensible transcendentalists. Give me good plain English common-sense: I have it in Pope. Give me good, neat workmanship—not straggles, and raggles, and jaggles: I have it in Pope. I tell you, my dear, there's no modern poet to compare with Pope. Then, if you want something romantic, what can you get finer than 'Marmion'? 'The Lay' is a *little* too romantic for my taste; but it's very fine, my dear—*very* fine!"

"But, Mr. Keightly, we have great artists now."

"No, my dear young lady, no. All slip-slop, splatter-dash, higgledy-piggledy. Look at Mrs. Browning—I know she's dead, my dear, but I suppose she's considered a representative poet. I once heard some verses of hers read, and they positively set my teeth on edge. She rhymed 'tyrants' with 'silence,' and 'children' with 'bewildering'! Not that children and bewildering don't often go together; but not thus, Miss Reynolds, not thus."

"But, Mr. Keightly," put in Miss Graham, who had been asked to be present, "every one grants that Tennyson and Rosetti, for instance, are great masters of form."

"Transcendentalists, Miss Graham—transcendentalists! Not that I have read the works of these gentlemen, but I know what transcendentalism is. Now, my dear Miss Etty, let us awake our St. John, and leave all meaner things—"

"Such as Tennyson and Rosetti," whispered Miss Graham.

So Etty read on till she came to "Laugh where you must, be candid where you can." Then she understood fully the passage in "La Saisiaz" she had come to but yesterday:

"I shall 'vindicate no way of God's to man,' nor stand apart,

'Laugh, be candid,' while I watch it traversing the human heart!"

Ah, she could feel the contrast! What did Pope care for the "traversed heart"? And so Pope helped her to understand Browning.

She read on and on. Mr. Keightly sat listening, with an air of great enjoyment on his kind old face. Precisely at the moment when the watch on the table beside him marked the hour

he waved his hand, and the book was shut, and a little white packet containing a gold and a silver coin was put into Etty's hand with "Thank you, my dear, you have given me an immense pleasure." Then he rose, rang the bell, and Etty was shown out. Transcendentalism never came up again, and Etty grew to like reading even Pope to this kindly, courteous old man. But the reading to Miss Graham was a real enjoyment; it was usually followed by a talk, in which occasionally others than Miss Graham and Etty took part. Once or twice Mr. Herbert Gray, an artist fast rising into eminence, had been present, and it seemed likely that he might be present yet once again.

Etty and her father had not been all this time in London; they had gone to Brighton for a fortnight with friends of Miss Graham's, and had come back much the better for the change. Mr. Reynolds was now strong enough in mind and body to give a good deal of time to musical composition, and Etty had plenty of time to write for him.

This day, three months after my little sketch of a tale begins, was a day of no small excitement to the father and daughter—very manifest in Etty, though not so plainly to be seen in her father.

There was to be a large party that evening at Miss Graham's, at which Etty was to recite and her father to play. It was the only reception Miss Graham had given during the season, an old friend of hers having died some few days after she had made Etty's acquaintance. Mr. How's daughter was to accompany Mr. Reynolds's violin on the pianoforte; and the entertainment of Miss Graham's guests was, she told Etty, to depend on her and her father. Miss Graham had planned the evening for Etty alone, but both Mr. How and Etty had asked that Mr. Reynolds might play.

It was now four in the afternoon. Miss Graham had ordered a carriage for the Reynoldses at half-past seven, and Etty was feeling as if it were quite time to dress. Her new dress, made by her own hands, was lying on her bed upstairs—a soft, pale pink, of a texture that would fall in beautiful folds.

Miss Graham had wanted to have a dress made for Etty by her own dressmaker, but Etty had refused.

"You see, dear Miss Graham," she had said, "I *can* make my frocks, and I do like doing it."

Miss Graham had laughed and said, "Very well, Miss Independence." And a few days ago Miss Graham had come to see Etty and the dress, and had expressed large satisfaction therewith.

"It's the first very pretty evening dress I've had for a very long time," said Etty, looking at it complacently.

"Well, you'll set it off. Tell your father I think you the loveliest girl I know. There, I didn't mean to make you blush."

"Won't you wait to see him? His lesson will be over soon."

"No, thank you. I shall see him on Thursday."

"Isn't it funny that you've never seen father

yet? Do you know—I don't mind telling you now—I took it into my head that you didn't want to see him. Now I know that was nonsense."

"Good-bye, darling," said Miss Graham.

This Thursday afternoon Mr. Reynolds and his daughter were in their little sitting-room at Shepherd's Bush. They had both been silent for a little while, when Etty came over to her father, got on his knee, and laid her cheek against his, all without speaking.

"Is my little girl tired?"

"No; only wants a little petting. She would like to know what her daddy is thinking about."

"Oh, several things—his little girl for one. What was it Miss Graham told you to tell me she thought about you? Well, I was sure of it, child. Etty, darling, it used to be a perfect nightmare to me to think what would become of you if I died!"

"Hush, hush! Father, father!"

Her arms clasped his neck almost wildly in love and fear.

"My darling! my little one! don't be frightened! It's not coming quite yet—I trust—I think—No, no, I was only going to say how differently I have felt about things since I have known of Miss Graham's love for you. I think she loves you quite apart from benevolently caring for you, and I'm sure somehow you'd be all right. Well, there, I see I must stop. Stupid little tears!"

He kissed her eyes, and the girl lay silent in his arms for a few moments, then said, "You said you were thinking of several things, father. Tell me."

"Ah, well, yes. Well, Etty, I've been set thinking by hearing you repeat that poem you are going to recite to-night—that 'High Tide.'"

"Yes."

"I listened yesterday as you told how the woman heard her son's cry,

'Oh, come in life, or come in death,
Oh, lost my love, Elizabeth!'"

"Dear father!"

"We were almost children when we loved each other first—Bess and I. We lived near each other, and we played together, she and I. I have not seen her for many years."

"Father, is she dead?"

"I don't know; I died to her. Etty, little daughter, die before you give up any one you love for the sake of—anything else; and die before you are false; but you will never be false."

Etty's arms were round him, and her head was pillowed on his breast. Then she said, softly, "Dear father, thank you for telling me."

He kissed her, and was silent. More he could not say, for though she was his dearest friend he could not have told her what would have set her thinking about her father and mother's relation to each other.

"Shall I dress now?" he said, in his usual tone. "I shall want a wee bit of help from you, and then I will sit here till you have made yourself beautiful."

Etty kissed her father very gently and reverently. Not much later Mr. Reynolds was sitting alone, dressed for the evening, with his violin at his side, while ever and anon he could hear Etty move about in the room overhead. But after a little he ceased to be conscious of such movement, for John Reynolds's spirit was with the past.

Miles and miles out of London. High banks crowded with ferns and mosses, and a red, damp lane running between. In the lane two little figures, a boy and a girl. The hands of both are full of wild flowers. The girl has a branch of blackberry brier twined round her hat; it is as plain to see now as then—the white blossom cluster along the stem, gradually growing into berries, green and red, one or two nearly quite black in the bunch at the end. They are on the eve of a parting; to-morrow is to see the lad on his way to school.

"Don't you wish you were my brother, Jack?" says little Bess.

"No, I don't." Bess looks disappointed.

"I'll tell you why," says Jack. "When I'm a man I mean to marry you—that's if you'll have me, Bess—and we shall always live together. I shall leave school soon, you know, and then I can play on my violin as much as ever I like. And I shall come for you, and we shall always have music in the house. Won't it be nice?"

"Very nice," says Bess.

"I wish I could always live at your mother's—I mean in my holiday-time; for of course I like going to school like other fellows. For one thing, I may practise as much as I like at your house; for another, you and your mother aren't half bad, are you?"

"No!" says Bess, laughing.

"Then, Bess, say you'll be my wife."

"Of course I will. I can't be your sister, so I'll be your wife instead."

It is years later in that Devon lane. A young man and a maid are there together. The moonlight falls silver on the little red puddles in the lane and on the glistening fern-leaves. The nightingale is singing hard by. And the old vow is repeated with a new solemnity, and the girl's finger is girt with a little blue-stoned ring.

It is two years later. The young man and the girl are together again; but the little blue token has left the girl's hand. She speaks in low, sad tones. "I know I must give you up, John—I have given you up. I don't think you ought to obey your father, because he wants you to do something wrong. But I can't belong to you when you don't really want me."

"I do want you, dearest."

"No, dear Jack, you want me a little, perhaps, but only if you can have other things too: money and position; at least, more money than you have."

"I have very little, Bess. The estate is very heavily burdened."

"And you want to make it right by selling yourself."

"Bessy! how can you say such hard things! such unwomanly things! You have never cared for me one bit."

"Oh yes, I have; *very much*. I think if you had chosen to be really true to yourself we might have been happy: for your father, at the bottom of his heart, wants you to be happy. He likes you to be with Lord Leigh and the Duke of Comertown, but he wouldn't grieve very deeply if you left them. You can have the world if you choose, Jack, but you can't have the world and things the world can't give, into the bargain."

John Reynolds's life flashed before him with a rapidity it is impossible to follow. I can only narrate a little of what occurred.

It was with his love for Bess as with his love for his violin. Instead of discoursing eloquent music the violin had become a drawing-room violin, and pretty white fingers would accompany it on the pianoforte, and the pretty white fingers would often play false harmonies; and then the violin's master did not wear a grave, earnest look, but smiled and bowed. Perhaps the violin was out of tune.

And not long after Bess had given him back his troth Jack married Lady Clara Darrel. But before the bride's home-coming Bess had left Devonshire; for her mother had gone away to the country which some of us think of as free from sorrow and sighing. And Bess went to help to bring up some children far away. And Jack had never seen her afterwards. We may follow her for a little glimpse, seeing her brave and bright and strong pursuing her daily work.

Jack's house was no home for two years, for Lady Clara was a mere fashionable woman who cared only for dress and gaiety, and Jack had a long illness that left him unfit to lead the kind of life his wife led; and his father was dead, and he was alone. Then he returned to the love of his violin once more, and the beautiful thing answered him kindly and tenderly, and fair music went through the house. But at the end of two years after his marriage a great new joy dawned for Jack, for his little daughter came to him, and Jack became father and mother to the little thing whose mother in nowise cared for it, and it was not so very long before it toddled to his side and would scarcely ever leave him. But anxieties began to crowd on Jack. Nothing of a man of business, it was not till warned by more than one friend that he opened his eyes to his wife's extravagance, and then it was too late. It was hard enough to realise it, but when he did, he sold the estate and found himself with all debts paid and just enough to live on with what seemed to Lady Clara the strictest penuriousness.

His wife died not long after, and Jack took Etty to a small cottage on the Devon coast, where they lived for some years. The great failure which ruined so many a few years ago robbed them of the money which Jack had invested in the West of England Bank. So Jack at thirty-eight found himself with his daughter of fourteen absolutely a beggar. But the manhood in him triumphed. He would work for his child, and he had worked bravely in London until the things we

have told of fell out. And now Jack was forty-two, and blind of his body's eyes, but having a spirit-sight which had been dimmed many years ago by the pride of life and the deceitfulness of riches, but which now was purged and made clear.

"Oh, lost my love, Elizabeth!" this rang through his brain. With Bess at his side, might not all his life have been noble? But, alas! "incentives come from the soul's self."

It was not much later in the evening when Mr. Reynolds and his daughter were in Miss Graham's drawing-room, and Miss Graham was shaking hands with a tall thoughtful-looking man who had come in with Etty on his arm.

"I have longed to see you, Miss Graham," he said, "and thank you for all your kindness to my little girl."

"Your 'little girl' has made a large part of the pleasure of my life lately," said Miss Graham. "I am very glad to have known her."

Mr. Reynolds started at the first sound of Miss Graham's voice. Then a strange look came over his face, but almost instantly it resumed its former expression, as he said, "These things are mutual, I know; and yet you must let me thank you, and thank you very deeply."

Guests were beginning to arrive, and so Miss Graham had to leave Etty and her father. But it was plain to see that Mr. Reynolds was an honoured guest, so many people were brought up to be introduced to him, both by Mr. How and Miss Graham. Great applause followed his playing; loud applause from all except the hostess, who said only "Thank you!" in the lowest of tones. But people saw how she had cared for the music, and how deeply she was moved thereby. After a little Miss Graham came to Etty, and said, "Can you recite 'The High Tide' now?" Mr. How gave her his arm and took her to the top of the room. Then Mr. Reynolds said to Miss Graham, "May I go quite to the end, behind all the others?"

Miss Graham took his arm and led him to the end of the room, and sat down beside him on a seat in a recess quite at the back of the audience. Etty was standing on a little raised platform. For a moment or two she wavered and the red and white chased each other through her cheeks. Miss Graham seemed agitated too; her colour came and went as she sat with her large white hands crossed on her lap—beautiful hands with no jewellery decking them. She had taken off her gloves a few minutes before to unfasten some obdurate clasp for some one, and had not resumed them. Etty caught her eye, and began. Miss Graham held her breath, then gave a little sigh, and sat very still. Etty went on. There was scarcely a definable movement of her body, no thrusting of arms hither and thither, and yet her body seemed to move with her voice, that voice so clear, so full, so sweet. At last came,

"Oh, come in life, or come in death,
Oh, lost my love, Elizabeth."

Then the London room faded away, and they stood, this man and woman, in the Devon lane.

Elizabeth Graham heard Etty's voice no more, for the wind was blowing the Devon scents about her, and the scents were desperately sweet. But the scents passed away, for the thought of falsehood can sweep away the odours of the Garden of Eden itself.

Miss Graham looked at the face of the man beside her. It was a face stronger and truer than of old—the face of one who after the fall had risen and conquered. And he was blind—blind, this man whose eyes had sparkled with youth and joy, and he was poor.

The evening had to pass on, and the hostess must smile and bow and talk badinage, and praise Etty, and go down to supper with her hand on John Reynolds's arm.

"It has been a great success," said some one to Mr. Reynolds when the party was breaking up.

"Yes. I suppose Miss Graham is always successful."

"I suppose so. Riches never fell to a worthier woman. You know she was not born to them, and she never wants it to be supposed that she was. She came to London an orphan, about twenty years ago. She got a pleasant situation, and was very happy, I believe. One day she took out her pupils and a little boy who was spending the day with them, a mischievous young monkey, who took it into his head to run off just as they came to a crowded crossing. He dashed straight into the path of a pair of carriage horses. Miss Graham dashed after him and caught him up. She got knocked down and nearly killed, but she had saved the kid's life. The father's gratitude knew no bounds. The boy died a year after, and the father—he was a widower, with no kin but this child—never got over the shock, and followed the little chap soon enough. Then it was found he had left Miss Graham all his money, just asking that she should take his name, which she did after taking all pains possible to ascertain if the man had any distant relatives. But not a vestige of one turned up. Curious she should still be *feme sole*, isn't it?"

"We had better say good-night to her, had we not?" said Mr. Reynolds.

So good-night was said.

Three days later a letter came to Miss Graham, addressed in a handwriting she hardly knew, and that yet seemed familiar. She saw at once on opening it whence it came, and knew it had been written with the help of the instrument used by the blind. It ran thus:

"I feel I must tell you that, while in a sense it would be true to say that I had no idea when I accepted your invitation who you were, in another it would be untrue, for all Thursday I was haunted by what I cannot define as anything but a sort of feeling that something was coming, and I felt it was connected with that ballad of Jean Ingelow's. I am writing now to ask you this: let me hear from your own lips the words '*I forgive you.*' You do not know how much it would be to me if you could do this. That you have forgiven me long ago I cannot doubt, for you are all that is noble and great and good.

"I have to tell you that Herbert Gray has asked our little Etty to be his wife. You brought these two together, and I think you will be glad to know this. Their plan is to marry at once, and go and live in Italy for the sake of Herbert's art. They insist on my going with them, but I tell them they must wait until I have told them something, which I will not tell them until after the wedding, but should wish to tell you before—not just yet perhaps. God bless you!

"Ever faithfully yours,

"JOHN REYNOLDS."

Elizabeth's answer was: "Dear Mr. Reynolds, —Whenever you like to fix a time for coming to see me I shall be glad to see you. I enclose this in my line to Etty; I know she will read it to you. —Sincerely yours,

"E. G."

Next day the new-betrothed lovers came to lunch; they were to be married in six weeks. Once Miss Graham had said to Etty, "When you marry it must be from my house;" and Miss Graham was not one to forget. But when she reminded Etty, Etty said, "Dear Miss Graham, I remembered that, and told father when he was talking about things, but he says we are to be married quietly from our own lodgings. But *of course* you'll come?"

And Miss Graham made no demur.

So the days went on, and Miss Graham busied herself with buying all manner of pretty things for Etty, and time slipped quietly by, till it wanted only a few days to the wedding. Then Etty insisted that Miss Graham should come to tea one evening, and Miss Graham did so, after some resistance, the reality of which Etty did not understand.

After tea Etty asked her father to play to them, and he played for some time. And when he stopped Herbert and Etty had tears in their eyes, for the violin had told some strange, sad tale; but Miss Graham was only pale and still. And then the lovers began to talk to each other in low tones, and forgot the violin and everything but their two selves.

Then Miss Graham said, "Your playing is very different from what it used to be."

"I am twenty-two years older, and I have had a good deal to learn; and the little I have learnt out of that good deal must have influence on my playing."

"What have you learnt—" She caught herself up suddenly—"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Why should you beg my pardon? Let me tell you a little. I have learnt that manhood lies in steadfast will. Unstable as water, I could not excel. But there is no despair for me, for I have indeed tried, though late, to gird up my loins and light my lamp."

"Etty says you have worked very hard," said Miss Graham, in a very low tone. "Etty, I think, worships you; you must have been very much to her."

"She has been very much to me."

Miss Graham rose. "Good-bye now," she said, taking Mr. Reynolds's hand.

"Good-bye, Bess—I must say it once."

Miss Graham did not withdraw her hand. "Not Bess now, Bess was slim and girlish; Elizabeth is stout, I fear, and matronly."

"She is beautiful, is she not?" said Mr. Reynolds, in a voice in which there was a little tremor.

Miss Graham's reply was tremulous too. "She is getting old, and has a few grey hairs."

"That's nothing; she is beautiful with a beauty far beyond her girl-beauty."

"Good-bye," said Miss Graham again.

"And I may come? When?"

"When you please."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

Early next day Mr. Reynolds was at Alma House.

A few minutes went in those ordinary commonplace remarks with which most people stave off anything painful or trying which may be on the way. Then suddenly John Reynolds said, "Will you say it, Bess?—'I forgive you.'"

Softly and cheerily came the words, "I forgave you long ago, and—and—I honour you now."

The voice was sweet, and the smile—though John Reynolds could not see it—was sweet and tender; but he heard in every tone, as clearly as if it had been said in words, that the woman by him had buried her love long ago and for ever, and that for that love could be no resurrection.

Then he said, "Thank you. And now I may tell you. Can you guess?"

She looked into his face steadily; then she

broke down, for she read there that the lover of her youth sat by her—a dying man.

"John—not that—not that."

"It is even so, Bess. It cannot be long—not more than a few months. I am glad now; but we will not tell the children just yet. I wanted you to hear it."

"How long have you known it?" she asked.

"A very little while. I was giving a lesson—and something came on—bleeding—and my pupil made me promise to see a doctor. He came for me, took me to —, and he told me—what I have told you, and — has confirmed the verdict."

They sat hand in hand for a little time. Then Miss Graham rose and stooped to his forehead and kissed it,

"As if she were kissing the cross."

A few days after this the father and daughter came to stay at Alma House. And the time went on, and the wedding-day drew near, and Elizabeth Graham looks back to those days with a tender gladness and quiet joy, for therein her soul was knit to the soul of John Reynolds, and through his heart made great her heart was enlarged and comforted, and through his soul-sight purged she caught many glimpses of the glory that shall be. And the wedding-day came and went, and a few months later Etty and Herbert were in Italy, and Elizabeth Graham was working with a new strength and a fresh hallowing of every power. And John Reynolds had gone home.

HUNTING THE WILD RED DEER.

"AN empty sky, a world of heather." Never did Jean Ingelow's words seem more vivid than when standing on an Exmoor hill under a blazing sun one morning in August. Scarcely a breath of air fanned the stunted oaks and hazels in the valley below. The sea breeze was asleep, and the Bristol Channel lay like a sapphire-coloured looking-glass set in a frame of hazy Welsh hills. Immediately around us was bracken fast yellowing into old age under the tropical sun, and heather still brilliant and dazzling in its robe of imperial purple. Around us, behind us, and as far as eye could reach, were the everlasting hills, stretching away for many a mile, rugged, vast, and beautiful.

Not a house breaks their magnificent uniformity, only a high stone wall crowned with vegetation seems here and there to furrow their sides, and serves as a landmark or measuring-line to our wearied eyesight.

The green herbage, that feeds the horned and half-wild sheep, is tufted here and there with feathery cotton-grass and sedge, telling in unmistakable language of dangerous boggy soil. Here and there on the broad hillside are blackened patches where the heather has been fired, and

where now but grizzly stumps of the once golden gorse are left.

Descending the hillside to the deep coombs that intersect the landscape in all directions there is welcome relief from the glare. The trees meet overhead, and at times shut out the sunshine. Oak and hazel, beech and mountain ash, shelter countless ferns, while the rocky streams, shallow from summer drought, and reflecting the tint of the overhanging foxgloves, are alive with tiny trout which flash like silver as we pass. The silence is intense, broken only by the scurry of many rabbits or the subdued "cou-cou" of the wood-pigeons, who seem, as we are, languid with the August heat.

We are in the heart of Exmoor, the home and haunt of the tall red deer, and in an hour or two's time the woods will be echoing with the notes of the huntsman's horn and the rattle of antlers as the stags leave their beds among the brake.

But where is Exmoor, and how comes it that poachers and tourists and other unpleasant people have not scared or killed the deer, as they did in Epping long since?

The first question is easy to answer; the second requires an explanation. We will therefore ima-

gine ourselves to be climbing the coombe side to the hilltop, where the meet of the hunt is to be held, while we satisfy our thirst for information upon the two aforesaid queries.

The moor of the little River Exe is a broad and open country between Ilfracombe, in North Devon, and Taunton, in Somerset, and between the Bristol Channel on the one side and Exeter on the other.

Many brave attempts have been made to turn the wild and sometimes desolate heather country into fertile cornfield and cattle-fattening grass land, but with little success. Thousands of pounds have been spent and a thousand disappointments experienced, for Exmoor remains as it was three or four hundred years ago, a wilderness grand and lonely, with here and there a farmhouse, an orchard, or a cornfield, to make by contrast its barrenness greater and its solitude the more intense. Unchanged and unchanging as the country are the wild animals whose home it has been for centuries. At dusk the pig-like badger indulges in its curious gambols, uttering its low grunt as it calls its cubs to supper. Foxes and otters, the poachers of the animal world, pursue their destructive calling, robbing the farmhouses and devastating the streams. Stoats and weasels too make war on the innumerable rabbits whose burrows honeycomb the hillsides. Of birds also there is an immense number. The golden eagle condescends at rare intervals to visit the country and exhibit his royal presence to the delighted gaze of the fortunate traveller. Such a treat was lately enjoyed by a friend whom we met at Lynton.

Now from some lonely rock a raven will lazily rise, his purple black wings stretching huge against the sky-line. Sparrow-hawks and kestrels abound, poisoning themselves with exquisite grace in the still morning air. Then the insane chatter of the magpies is heard, exasperating one by its very frequency, and at night time the brown and yellow owls dash recklessly along, flying races with the goatsuckers and the big black bats.

But the nobility of Exmoor are the wild red deer, and their antlers statelier than the proudest ducal coronets.

Free and unmolested are they, as in the days of feudal England, and to poach them is a thing disgraceful and unknown. Wandering in herds of even eighty or a hundred, their numbers show little sign of decrease. The damage done to the property of farmers is at times enormous. Oat-fields and turnip patches are ruined in a night by these lordly freebooters, and the apple-trees of the cyder country stripped of their choicest fruits. High gates are cleared at a bound, and tall hedges or stone walls prove no obstacles to these night-feeding robbers, who have even the audacity to bring their wives and children to the nocturnal picnic.

But go to Exmoor, and listen to the people as they tell of some great stag who ran for hours before the hounds, and then escaped his pursuers by swimming far out to sea,—watch them as we have done at some moorland meet, when the deer break cover,—and you will no longer ask

why the animals are not shot down. Every man, woman, and child in the west of England seems to be full of love for the chase, and amusing instances of this ruling passion came lately within our ken. Passing through Horner Woods, an aged stone-breaker saluted us with true west country courtesy, and stopped his monotonous hammer to inquire the latest details of the sport. His enthusiasm was as keen as that of the most ardent puppy in the pack, while his opinion as to where and how the stag would run was confidently expressed. Another time at Porlock Weir an ancient dame, standing feebly at her cottage door, inquired if the deer had been taken, and the escape of the mischievous hart seemed to cause her unfeigned disappointment and chagrin.

The popular sentiment, aided by the fact that it brings wealthy visitors to the neighbourhood and makes the desolation of winter tolerable, secures the herds from surreptitious interference on the part of the poacher and the thief.

By this time, warm and panting with our steep climb through the bracken, we have reached the hilltop, where the staghounds meet. Already a large concourse of people from all parts of the country is assembled; huntsmen in scarlet, mounted on high-bred horses, farmers on their stout and surer-footed cobs, tourists, labourers—for most of the corn is ingathered—all are eager for the day's work to begin, and are waiting the arrival of the hounds.

Here they are at last! Fifteen couples of beautiful creatures, twenty-five inches high at the shoulder, their dappled coats glistening like velvet in the morning sun and their thirty tails beating in joyous expectation of coming sport. The veteran huntsman, Arthur, dismounts at the farmhouse, and locks the pack up in a stable while he exchanges greetings with his friends, or holds a short, and, to some, mysterious conversation with a tall, stout, farmer-like man in a grey suit who has just ridden up.

"Him's the harbourer," remarks some well-informed peasant, and upon this personage depend the fortunes of the day. To his opinion the rank of the noble master, Lord Ebrington, and the experience of Arthur must defer, for has he not been watching the woods from daybreak, and scanning with the eyes of a Red Indian all their exits and their entrances?

At an early hour this morning he discovered the broad deep "slot," or footprint, of a heavy deer leading from a field of ripening oats into the copse, and he is confident that the stag has not since left his cover.

The ground was hard and dry and difficult to read, but a stone or two displaced by the heavy tread of the marauder and a freshly-broken ash twig in the hedge indicated that a big stag had lately made his bed among the bracken for the day. The harbourer has not seen the deer, but he informs the master and the huntsman with unwavering confidence that in a certain corner of the copse the big hart is resting after the night's fatigues among the turnips and the oats.

Acting immediately upon this advice, Arthur selects four or five couples of hounds, calling each

one by name, and with these he rides into the cover accompanied by the master, the harbourer, and the whip.

The sight is now brilliant and exciting in the extreme, and all eyes are fixed upon the scarlet coats as they disappear into the dark green woods to tuft or draw the quarry. For some time we wait in silence, listening for the few short notes of the huntsman's horn proclaiming that a stag is sighted in the glen below, or for the whimper of some old hound who has found the scent. Half an hour passes, and then an hour, and the horses of the expectant sportsmen are becoming restless and impatient of the glowing heat.

In vain do the knowing ones scrutinise the hillside opposite till eyeballs tire and grow painful with the prolonged effort; in vain do the field-glasses sweep the country round, not a sign or sound is there in the wooded vale below.

But hark! the short notes of the huntsman's horn are borne towards us on the still air, and see on the road that winds up and along the valley the master is galloping fast. "There he be yonder," shout the yokels on our right, and in a moment the branches of the dwarf oaks that skirt the wood part with a crash and a crackle, as with lowered antlers and lolling tongue the stag dashes impetuously towards the open moor.

In an instant the scene is changed. Full of eager excitement the inexperienced horsemen are mounting in hot haste, while their cooler and calmer competitors look to their saddle-girths or composedly note the direction the stag has taken. There is no hurry, for the tufters have not yet returned, and the pack are still locked up in the stable at the farm. In ten minutes Arthur arrives, and now the field moves off. See! the two leading hounds have found the scent at once, and away they go towards Dunkerry Beacon, swarming down the hill at a breakneck pace.

By skilfully choosing our positions we can watch the chase for miles. Then on the distant slope the golden russet hart is moving with great and measured bounds, now disappearing behind some huge grey boulder, now clearing at a single stride the low stone wall that faces him, now racing through that herd of dun-coloured bullocks, who toss their tails and gallop alongside of him as if possessed with sudden madness for the chase.

But see, the hounds are gaining on him as toiling heavily he flounders through that patch of peaty bog. Now he is doubling, and will pass beneath our hill. The ground is echoing with the tramp of hoofs and the rattle of pebbles as

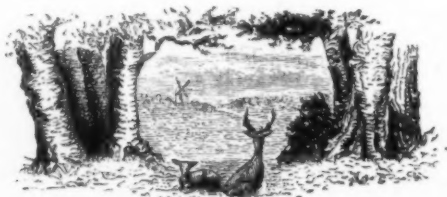
horseman after horseman comes clattering down the loose and rocky path. Now the pack may almost be covered with a handkerchief, so closely are they running. Over the wiry heather they speed, dashing up the late-staying dew from the purple clusters, now stirring an old red dog-fox from his hearth, or flushing a big brown heath poult, who, rising with a whirr and a scream, seeks the refuge of a sheltering mountain-ash. The pace cannot last, and unable to shake off his pursuers the wearied stag seeks the stream, plashing the water in great jets over the dry and lichen-covered boulders. For the moment there is a brief respite as he cools his foam-flecked coat in the dark-green pool. His eyes are bloodshot and his breath comes heavily. Robber and destroyer though he is, he wins our sympathies and commands our admiration. But we hope in vain for his escape as the hounds come racing down once more upon him. Standing at bay against a rock, and lifting his grand and sinewy neck, he dashes his spear-like antlers at his nearest foe with the ease of a dexterous swordsman, missing the too venturesome assailant by a hair's breadth. And then pulled down by an old and wary hound who has seized him from the rear, he falls with a quick short sob, and dies.

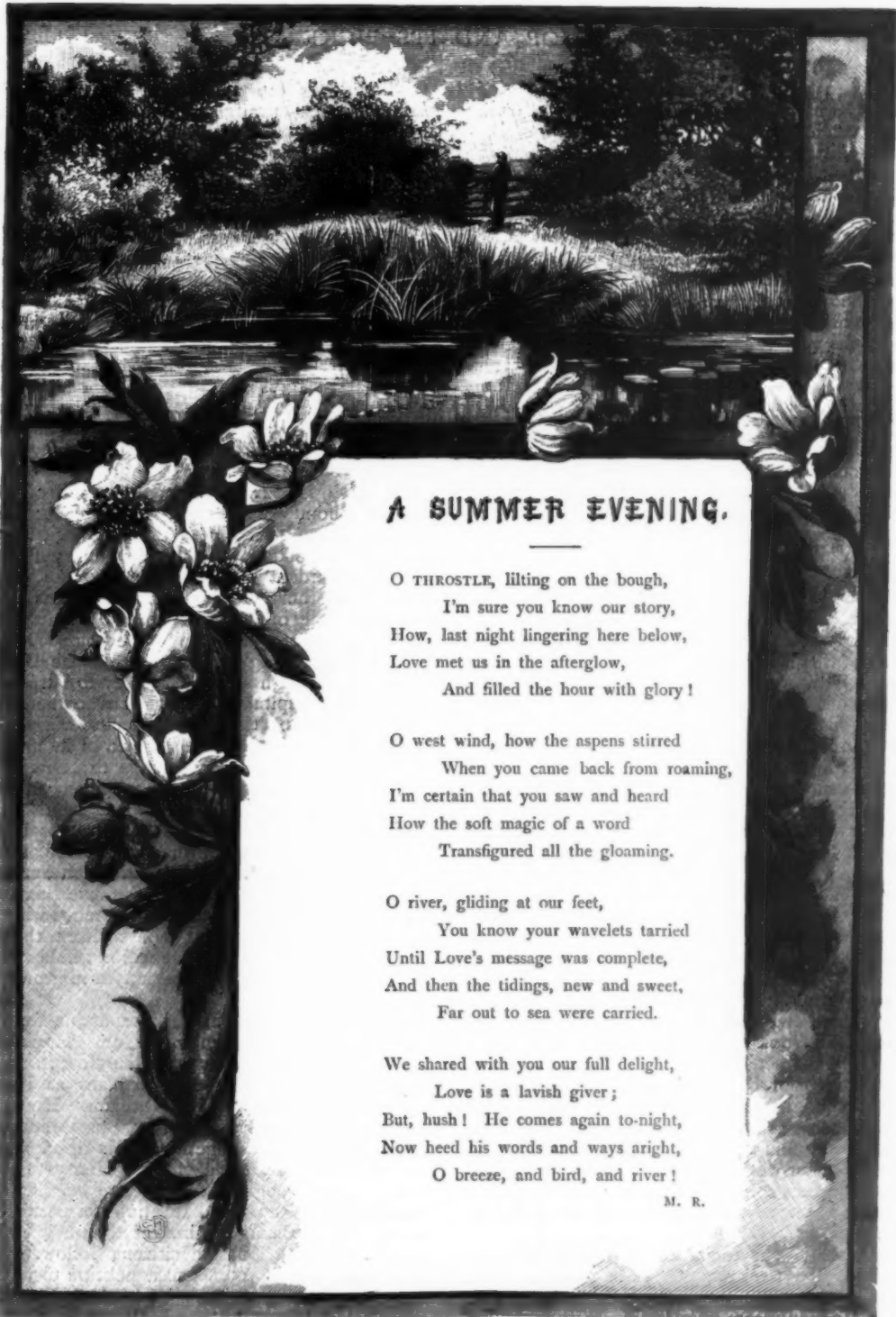
Such is stag-hunting on Exmoor in the early autumn days, but far less wild and dangerous than when cold and biting winter lets loose his icy winds and wraps the hills in mist and rain. Then is it that the hinds are hunted and the chase is longer and more arduous, ending frequently in the drowning of the hind in the swollen and rushing floods.

Cruel as all such sport must seem, there is a reckless danger about it which is fascinating to all. Moreover, the chances of the deer's escape are frequent, and many a blank day rejoices the hearts of the sympathetic and disappoints the farmer bereaved of his turnips and his wheat.

Enough has now been said to show the attractions of this beautiful corner of our land, but our paper would be unnecessarily incomplete without a reference to the hospitality and kindness of its people. These qualities seem universal, and every tourist on Exmoor, who has himself been courteous, will bear witness to what we say. Dwellers in great cities, as so many of us are, superior perhaps in education and the advantages that it brings, we do well to keep in mind that surer lessons of love and courtesy may be learnt from God's open book of nature than from the push and hurry of town life.

A. W. GROSER.





A SUMMER EVENING.

O THROSTLE, liting on the bough,
I'm sure you know our story,
How, last night lingering here below,
Love met us in the afterglow,
And filled the hour with glory!

O west wind, how the aspens stirred
When you came back from roaming,
I'm certain that you saw and heard
How the soft magic of a word
Transfigured all the gloaming.

O river, gliding at our feet,
You know your wavelets tarried
Until Love's message was complete,
And then the tidings, new and sweet,
Far out to sea were carried.

We shared with you our full delight,
Love is a lavish giver;
But, hush! He comes again to-night,
Now heed his words and ways aright,
O breeze, and bird, and river!

M. R.

THE HOP AND ITS PICKERS.

FROM early morn, when the cold dew lay thick on the bloom, the pickers have been at work on yonder slope; and till the sun dips behind the distant ridge will their pleasant-seeming toil go on. Pole after pole sways and totters and falls, and is carried and laid athwart the dusty binn; and eager hands stretch out to give it welcome, and pounce amid its leafage as it settles. Leant across the binn it rests for a while to be shorn of all that made it beautiful. And then, a spoiled and ragged skeleton, it is whipped aside to make room for the next victim, girt, like it, with the golden garland of "the wicked weed."

But the charms of Arcady grow less the nearer we view them—even in the hop garden. Here and there we get a glimpse of what the picking might be, of what it ought to be if all we heard about it were true. But as we enter on the scene and descend to detail how fast our first impressions fade! Near us all is healthy and bright in work and speech and laughter. We are among the farmer's own people—men and women, boys and girls, all as busy as they can be. Linking on to this group are a few of the villagers, working as fast and laughing as lightly, but broader in their mirth and coarser in their speech than the occasion seems to need. Crossing the road the reason of this is apparent. Here is a larger field running far up the hillside, one of a line of plantations that skirt the valley for a mile or more. To pick such a crop is beyond the power of the locals, and the village is under invasion. Here are the town-bred folks who have come "hop-ping"—a motley crowd working hard and steadily, and relieving the tedium of their work with snatches of song and popular catchwords and a constant flow of so-called chaff that may, or may not, have a meaning. Chaff, in fact, is here in its excess—now and then not quite coarse enough to hide the grain of humour, but as a whole broad and heartless, breadth without depth, a stream of words too turbid and shallow to bear a single ripple of true fun. Down the line there is a change; the birds of a feather seem to have sorted themselves out as usual. The pickers are as busy and look as poor, perhaps poorer, than those we have left, but the fire of chaff is neither so constant nor so brutal, and every now and then is broken with a jest that does some credit to the maker. Those in search of "hilarious labour" will find it in a hopfield—generally but not always, for we have been in fields where the pickers were as solemn and dismal as if they were listening to the revoking codicils of the departed bine.

Students of our social needs might do worse than spend a week among these pickers. The hopping is an outing, a carnival if you will, whose charms to many seem irresistible. Without laying too much stress on the ruined M.A.'s and broken M.D.'s that have been discovered in the crowd, we have a gathering of men, women, and children

of all grades of the poor, with a mixture of the foolish and the criminal, that nothing else seems to attract, and with them a fair proportion of more fortunate people who are always ready for a trip to the country under any circumstances, and with any associates whatsoever. The short, sharp spell of work that yields a possibility of health is a combination of business and pleasure that rarely offers itself to the needy. It draws from the courts and rookeries those whom with all our missions and armies we yet fail to reach. Such a chance for striking a blow for health—moral and physical—is seldom found. The clergy and their helpers have of late done much in toning down the nightly excesses that used to cause such scandal, but there is much to be pruned away and much else to be grown before a hop-picking can be the healthy cheery festival that so many have been led to think.

On this glorious morning thousands of the families whom we have seen crowding into the London railway station with their half-filled canvas bags and cotton handkerchiefs and pots and pans are hard at work gathering in the crop. From Canterbury, where the plantations date from the time of Elizabeth, up the Medway on the rich ragstone and the poorer hassock and irony redpin, along the outcrop of the Upper Greensand through Kent and Surrey to Farnham, the old hop capital in the eastern corner, the pole—the thyrsus that waves its clustering bells in sign of victory—is being stripped of its wealth. And the hop no longer belongs exclusively to south-eastern England; there are many plantations along the northern outcrop of the Neocomian, wherever in fact the soil is fairly phosphatic, and these stretch away even to the ruddy sandstones of Worcester and Hereford. Even America has now its hop grounds, and of course there are the old gardens of Germany and France whence we are told the plants first came to Kent, though in France our thyrsus simile will not hold good, for the French hops have of late been grown on copper wires.

"Planting of hop-yards is profitable for the planters and consequently for the kingdom," wrote Francis Bacon, an assertion that, in these blue-ribbon days, will seem to many as hardly worthy of the wise man of Verulam. Henry VI at any rate thought differently, and prohibited the cultivation of hops altogether. His opinion may not be worth much, but that of Henry VIII on such a subject ought to carry more weight; and his Tudor majesty called the hop "a pernicious weed," and forbade his brewer to use it in his beer. And the London citizens followed the royal lead, and in 1528 sent a petition to parliament complaining of "the stench of Newcastle coals," and protesting against hops being permitted to "spoyl the taste of drinke and endanger the people!" The danger being lest the people should lose the liking for the heavy ale of

their ancestors, which it was desired to keep free from the adulteration of the hop! The hop, however, made its way; and in 1644, the year of the

man. Nine years afterwards it suffered heavily, for Cromwell levied a tax on "hopps" of two shillings per hundredweight.



BY THE BINN.

Oxford parliament, when everything taxable was laid hold of to supply the funds for Roundhead to fight Cavalier, it attracted the notice of the excise-

When the hop first found its way here is doubtful. One cultivated variety evidently came from Flanders in Tudor days, and was planted at

Bourne; but the wild hop, *Humulus lupulus* of the nettle family, still grown round the gardens to fertilise the bloom, must have been here centuries before. Even in 1050 we have mention of the hop or hymele being used in drinks in England; and, like the ground ivy, *Hedera glechoma*,

"slips" there are to every "hill," 1,210 "hills" to every acre; hence as a hill gives a bushel, and a bushel weighs a pound and a half, an acre's crop weighs four-fifths of a ton.

The hoppers are paid by the bushel. Full and easy, and not pressed down, each bushel is worth



TRIMMING THE POLES

whose old name was the ale-hoof, the balsam, originally called the alecost, the *Myrica gale*, or sweetgale, and the *Salvia pratensis*, or meadow clary, it has probably been used as an ale-flavouring ever since the English conquest. Its name comes from the old English *hoppan*, to climb. It is the climbing plant, the fastest climber that we have. So fast does it grow when fairly under way that we are told of a certain parish which had best be nameless, in which the bine grew an inch during the morning sermon!

At first it grows but slowly, and erect. Not until the second or third leaf appears does it begin to bend gracefully over, and then it slowly swings round the compass at the rate of a circuit every two or three hours. Lengthening as it swings, the circles increase, and at last the pole is struck. Where the contact is made the bine ceases to grow, but the rest of the plant continues the curve, the pole is clasped, and the spiral journey upward is begun. Heavily manured to start with, this true sensitive plant of modern commerce, a victim to every chill and wind-change, speedily climbs aloft, helped by only one friend, the lady-bird, and attacked by quite a host of enemies in the form of blights and moulds and blasts and dews, and fleas, moths, and spiders innumerable. If all goes well the yield repays the risk. Three

to them from twopence to threepence. The binn is an old hop-sack opened at the side and fastened over a rough framework of broken poles. Each binn holds about twenty bushels, to pick which is a day's work. To every half-dozen bins a man with a "dog" is told off to cut the bines, the "dog" being a knife with a hook at the back used for pulling up the poles. The poles are stripped and carefully "aisled" for future use. For poles are cherished property; those on an acre are worth about £75, and the stock in one parish alone has been valued out at £70,000!

It is not every plant that goes to feed the bin. The hop is diœcious, and in the gardens both its sexes have to thrive. The females are in the immense majority; they are the destined victims of the dog and pickers. The hop is in fact the strobile with its bracts, whose base is covered with the yellowish dust of tiny sessile grains, the lupulinic glands that bear the medicinal properties that give the plant its value—an ounce of lupulinic dust to every pound of hops. This name of lupulin comes from the specific *lupulus*, the little wolf, so called from the greediness with which it feeds on the goodness of the soil; and the generic *humulus* is derived from the *humus*, the earth to which it would fall and along which it would creep like its poor relation by the hedgerow when

it failed to find a friendly staff to lead it upwards.

By that hedgerow the pickers in many cases pitch their camp at night, and the scores of gipsy fires shine brightly out in the still autumn air. The day's work is over, the binns have been measured and paid for, and most of the money has already gone to the village tradesmen, among whom it is somewhat unequally shared. The butcher and the grocer have obviously much—and the beershop keeper has probably more! The hops have gone to the oast-house to be dried for ten or eleven hours over the coke or charcoal fires fed every now and then with a roll of brimstone. Then they will be pressed into the pockets and sent away to market. And it does not take the hop-grower long to realise his profit—or his loss. In 1879 we are told of the triumph of smartness that had the first pocket picked, dried, sent to London, sold by auction, pressed, painted three times and shipped foreign, all in twenty-four hours!

In the curious half-playful "language of flowers" the hop is the symbol of injustice, and

"The hop with its cones and its foliage rough,
Whose merits have met with injustice enough,"

is not only known as an ingredient in alcoholic drinks. Its tender tops serve the Belgians for asparagus, an infusion of its flowers yields a well-known yellow dye for wool, its stalks yield a flax that in Sweden is woven into cloth, and a bag of hops is often used in medicine to allay inflammation. The strong bitter odour of the ripened bloom has a strangely exhilarating effect in cases of despondency; and the dried hop itself has curious sleep-beguilng properties occasionally taken advantage of in critical cases. When the Prince of Wales was so seriously ill at Sandringham a pillow of hops was used for him to sleep on. When his great-grandfather George III lay sick almost to death in 1787 a hop pillow was also used. And in each case the recovery is claimed as a triumph for the *Humulus lupulus*, whose life and uses we have so hurriedly sketched.

THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NEALE, LATE BRITISH CHAPLAIN AT BATAVIA.

V.

MILE after mile, amid the most melancholy surroundings of death and destruction, had to be traversed before we reached our first halting-place at Merak. And very weary miles they were. It is most unusual in any part of Java for a European to be seen walking beneath the rays of the fierce tropical sun, but on this occasion there was no help for it. We must either walk or remain behind. Driving was, of course, quite out of the question; riding was equally impracticable, on account of the fallen *débris*; and even walking was a most difficult and fatiguing task.

Java—within six degrees of the equator—is no place for pedestrian exercise after the sun has risen, and, though thinly clad, we had soon had enough of it. However, we still scrambled on as best we could. At one time we were clambering over the trunks of several fallen palm-trees, torn up by the roots and jammed together in one inextricable mass by the rushing torrent. At another, we found our progress barred by the huge blocks of coral rock, which had to be scaled in spite of their rough surface and meagre foothold. Then, again, we reached some heavy swampy ground many inches in depth, caused by the dense fall of grey ash having been turned into mud by the wave. Throughout our route lay the overthrown cottages and their scattered contents. Here a broken doorway, there a smashed bedstead; clothing, crockery, and furniture lying on all sides in hopeless confusion. Most of the least injured domestic articles had been already carried

away by the natives, and this only served to make the scene of destruction seem more complete.

Such was the spectacle which met our eyes the whole of the distance towards Merak. Now and again a few feet of the old roadway could be traced, but for the most part it had completely disappeared, and the natives walking to and fro in their work of recovering the dead must have formed an entirely new track. At intervals we passed a few solitary Malays working amidst the ruin, but considering the large district we traversed there were comparatively very few about. Without a single exception, the whole of the cocoa-nut palm-trees had been thrown down. Not one was left standing on the low ground near the coast, and it was not until the higher country was reached, several miles inland, that we found any trees which had escaped. The palm-trees have no depth of root, and consequently they offered but little resistance to the rushing waters. Stronger trees, however, on the rising ground, such as the Java *waringin*, were not so easily destroyed, and many of these had their trunks snapped off about twenty feet from the ground. The value of the timber and fruit destroyed was immense.

At length the first stage of our weary walk was coming to an end. We were now in sight of all that was left of the flourishing town and district of Merak. A few weeks before it had been the centre of teeming life and activity, and now not a single habitation remained. A solitary tent—pitched on an adjacent hill, with the Dutch tri-coloured flag floating above—was the only sign of

life, and this was the temporary home of one of the few surviving Soenda Straits pilots. This man had fortunately been engaged in piloting a vessel to Batavia at the time of the eruption, and had thus escaped the effects of the volcanic wave on shore. It was in the Merak district that the greatest loss of life had occurred. Thousands upon thousands had here perished, and as many as 3,000 bodies had actually been recovered in the neighbourhood, in spite of the receding waters which carried all before them. To account for this immense loss of life it must be remembered that the island of Java is one of the most densely populated countries in the world. In calculating the average number of inhabitants to a square mile, there is only one country, I believe, which exceeds it. The following figures, published officially by the Dutch Government, will give some idea of the immense population and of its mixed character. Leaving out the Europeans and Chinese, there is in Java, at the present time, a native population of over 20,000,000. Next come the Chinese with 220,000, the Dutch with 37,000, the Arabs with 10,000, and last, as well as least, the English community of not more than 120 persons, all told.

There was an additional reason, too, why the Merak district had such a large resident population. In its neighbourhood were some very extensive stone quarries, employing a large number of hands, and these all perished in the midst of their work on that fatal Monday. They were engaged in preparing stone for the Batavia Haven-werken Company, who are constructing new docks at Tandjong Priok, close to the capital, and were swept away without any warning. As we approached the quarries a terrible scene of destruction again awaited us. The strong railway line, used for conveying the stone to the neighbouring jetty, was torn up for many hundreds of yards, twisted and bent just like wire. The fish-plates connecting the lengths of rail had held securely, and when the metals had been torn from the sleepers by the rushing water, the latter had been curved and bent in serpentine fashion, and carried a great distance from their original position. One of these lengths of torn-up rail must have measured a quarter of a mile. The railway trucks had fared very badly, having been dashed in all directions, and greatly damaged. Two of the locomotives employed on the quarry line, in spite of their great weight, did not escape so well as one would have imagined. One of them, a six-wheeled tank engine, was washed off the rails and thrown completely over on its side. The other, of similar size and construction, was more damaged, and had actually been carried right out to sea. There it lay, a battered wreck, some fifty yards from the beach, with the waves surrounding and breaking over it. This will give some idea again of the force of the torrent, but it is certainly not more remarkable than the huge blocks of coral rock which we found washed so far inland.

Passing on, we came at length to the little hill close to the ocean, on which, as before mentioned, the Dutch pilot had erected his temporary canvas home. Ascending it, we had a good view

of the surrounding country. As far as the eye could reach there was the same sad scene of desolation and ruin. There too rolled the peaceful ocean, with its placid waves glittering in the dazzling sunshine. It was very hard to realise as the waters broke so gently upon the shore beneath that such a dreadful element of destruction could have risen so recently from their quiet depths. It was on this hill overlooking the sea at Merak that we were able to form a correct idea of the height of the volcanic wave when it first broke upon the Java coast, and this is how we came to our conclusion that the wave must have been at least one hundred and twenty feet high. The ground on which we were standing was more than one hundred feet above the sea level, and on the highest part of it had been erected a large brick house, occupied by the resident engineer connected with the quarries. It was very strongly built, as European houses in the tropics always are, with good solid foundations, and yet, although more than a hundred feet above the sea, this massive dwelling had been completely razed to the ground by the passing wave. The walls had been washed away as neatly as if they had been sliced off with a knife, and nothing remained standing but the brick and marble floors, which rested on the strong foundation. There were marks on each side of the hill showing how the resistless torrent of water had escaped down the slope, bearing the ruined house and its contents far away.

At the time of our visit a vigorous search was being made by the natives for a large safe containing books and money connected with the quarry works, which, having been carried away with the house, had up to that time remained undiscovered. The search for it was a hopeless task, and possibly it had been carried out to sea by the receding waters.

From the complete destruction of this house on the top of the little hill at Merak, we may safely conclude that when the destroying wave first broke upon the western shores of Java it must have been more than a hundred feet in height. Nothing short of this would account for the immense destruction everywhere visible in the neighbourhood. As it proceeded onward bearing away trees and houses *en masse* in its resistless fury, hurling huge blocks of coral (torn from its ocean bed) right and left, it naturally decreased in height the farther it went, until at length its force was spent, and meeting the rising ground the tide began to turn, and the volcanic wave receded once more to the ocean depths from which it had started.

A brief rest at Merak, and then we had to think of making a start for Anjer. We had hoped to have sailed down, the distance being only ten miles, but the wind was unfortunately against us, and we had to retrace our steps to the place where our *ka-hars* were waiting. Before leaving Merak we had a splendid view of the Soenda Strait. Turning our backs upon the land in the vain hope of shutting out the scene of horrors we had so lately been witnessing, we looked out to sea and found a beautiful scene before us. Oppo-

site to us lay the coast of Sumatra, with a hot misty haze rising from its sunny coast. Towering far above the dense green mass of vegetation were the wooded heights of Mount Radjah Bassa, four thousand feet above the sea. Half way across the strait lay a small island, clad in tropical verdure, rejoicing in the appropriate name of "Athwart the way." Krakatoa had found this island very much in its way during its outburst, and in a destroying mood had actually split up its little neighbour into four or five still more diminutive pieces. Not content with this, it had carried its work of destruction still farther, Poeloe Temposa and several other smaller islands having totally vanished from the Soenda Strait.

Part of our walk back was saved by obtaining a boat and some natives to row us a mile or two along the coast. This was all very well as long as we kept out to sea, but when we wished to land we found it very risky work to again approach the shore. The coast was lined with coral rock—thrown up by the waves—and many a sharp-pointed block lay just below the surface. We had several narrow escapes of striking upon the latter, and, owing to the great depth of the water, an accident to the boat would have been very serious. The native boatmen, however, landed us in safety at last, and after a long walk we were glad to find ourselves back again at the spot where our conveyances awaited us.

With hands and face scorched and sunburnt, we again proceeded on our way, beneath the fierce rays of the midday sun. We were very tired and thirsty, and there was no water to be had. My companion, one of the Anjer survivors, who still rode with me, soon found a means of quenching our thirst. Stopping the *ka-har*, for a few cents he induced some of the coolies who were passing to climb a palm-tree at the roadside and throw down the fruit. Only the green cocoa-nuts were chosen, and when an opening had been cut in the thick outside rind, they were presented to us that we might drink the contents. This proved to be a pleasant beverage of clear water, and although there was a strong flavour of cocoa-nut about it, it made a cool, refreshing draught. Whilst this novel plan of obtaining a drink was being carried out, one of the Javanese labourers who had been at Merak on the day of its destruction gave me an interesting account of what had happened to him and his companions.

"I was working," he said, "a long way from the sea—four or five paalen from the coast. A lot of other natives were with me in the *paldee* field. We were cultivating rice. We had gone to work as usual, in spite of the volcano. We did not think it would hurt us. And all of a sudden there came a great noise. We looked round at once and saw a great black thing, a long way off, coming towards us. It was very high and strong, and we soon saw that it was water. Trees and houses were washed away as it came along. The people near began to cry out and run for their lives. Not far off was some steep sloping ground. We all ran towards it and tried to climb up out of the way of the water. It was too quick for most of them, and many were drowned almost at my side. I

managed to get a long way up, and then the water came very near to me. When I thought I was safe I looked back and saw the wave wash the people down one after the other as they tried to scramble out of its way. There was a general rush to climb up in one particular place. This caused a great block, and many of them got wedged together and could not move. Then they struggled and fought, screaming and crying out all the time. Those below tried to make those above them move on again by biting their heels. A great struggle took place for a few moments, but all was soon over. One after another they were washed down and carried far away by the rushing waters. You can see the marks on the side of the hill where this fight for life took place" (we had seen it on our way towards Merak, the identical spot having been pointed out to us as we passed). "Some of those who were washed off dragged others down with them. They would not let go their hold, nor could those above them release themselves from this death-grip. Many were high enough up to have altogether escaped if they had not thus been dragged down by their unfortunate companions."

Soon after noon we were back again at Tji-legon, and at once, with fresh ponies, began our journey to the ruined and deserted town of Anjer. When within five miles of the latter place we came to the post-station of Tji-gadieng. The buildings forming it had been clean swept away, the foundations of the brickwork alone remaining. The road soon after this became broken up, and we had some very rough travelling. Many of the bridges had been carried away, but most of them were repaired with a temporary bamboo covering, and, with many misgivings, we gently made our way across these frail and swaying structures. At length our damaged road got worse and worse, and our driver declined to proceed. A little coaxing and threatening combined induced him to make another start; but at last we were quite satisfied that the road was impassable, and two miles from Anjer we again had reluctantly to commence our pedestrian exercise beneath a burning tropical sun.

The same scene of ruin and death, such as we had just left behind us at Merak, again presented itself. Fallen trees and fallen houses were all that remained of what was once a well-built and thriving Dutch town. I had seen photographs of what Anjer had been in its original state six weeks before, but only one feature in it was at all recognisable, and that was a strongly-built fort, which now lay in a ruined state. It had been too strong to be carried away bodily by the wave, but had nevertheless suffered severely. Only in a few places could the chief streets of the town be traced. The river had been strangely diverted in its course, and now took an entirely different channel, necessitating numbers of temporary bamboo bridges to be thrown over it. My companion, who had lived in the place all his life, was now so much out of his reckoning that he positively could not point out the street where his home had been. When I pressed him to give me some idea of where he had lived, he told me that

he thought the river must now be flowing over the site, as he could not understand his whereabouts at all. One solitary tree, a huge *waregin*, was the only surviving one out of the dense forest which had originally surrounded the town. Great masses of coral rock lay about in every direction, just as we had seen them, earlier in the day, near Merak. Being closer to the sea, they were if anything larger than the ones I have previously described. There was not a trace to be seen of the Anjer lighthouse, so complete had been its destruction.

Proceeding onward to the outskirts of the ruined town, we came to the European cemetery—a pretty spot, on slightly elevated ground, overlooking the sea. The destruction here had been very great. Not a single gravestone or monument remained to mark the last resting-place of those who had lived and died in Anjer's happier days. And in some cases, even, the more recent graves had been washed open, and the bodies interred had apparently been carried out to sea by the receding waters.

Very few of the thousands who perished in this neighbourhood were recovered. One of the few natives whom we found in the ruined town told us that not more than 300 had been buried in the whole town and district. It is the more easy to

believe, therefore, the accounts of the captains, who reported on arrival at Batavia that their vessels in the Straits of Soenda had passed through hundreds of dead and floating bodies.

As we turned our faces homeward from this awful scene of devastation and death, we caught a glimpse in the distance of the famous Krakatoa. There it lay, quite out at sea, nearly thirty miles distant, a solitary island, with its cone-shaped mountain rising up to a height of 2,600 feet, not only uninhabited itself, but the terrible destroyer of fully fifty thousand souls. After careful inquiry, I do not think the loss of life could have been less than this, and possibly it may have been even more. The extent of coast destroyed or damaged between Karang-Antu on the north and Tji-ringin on the west must have been fully twenty-five miles.

Such were the fatal consequences of the Krakatoa outburst of August 27th, 1883. Frequent as earthquakes and eruptions are in Java, it is seldom that so much damage and loss of life occur as on the present occasion, and although the island, from its peculiar formation, can never be quite free from such startling visitations, it is fervently to be hoped that no such terrible consequences will ever again have to be chronicled as those connected with "the Krakatoa Eruption."

SUMMER RAMBLES IN MY CARAVAN.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER IV.—TWYFORD AND THE REGIONS ROUND IT.



TWYFORD.

[Sketches on the spot.]

NOT to say a word about Twyford—the village that has given me berth and bield for ten long years—would be more than unkind, it would be positively ungrateful.

I must hasten to explain, however, that the

Twyford referred to is THE Twyford—Twyford, Berks. About a dozen other Twyfords find their names recorded in the Postal Guide, from each and all of which we hold ourselves proudly aloof. Has Twyford the Great then, it may reasonably

enough be asked, anything in particular to boast of? Well, methinks, to belong to so charming a county as that of Berks is in itself something to be proud of. Have we not

"Our forests and our green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
Our hills and dales, and woods and lawns and spires,
And glittering towns and silver streams?"

Yes, and go where you will anywhere round Twyford, every mile is sacred to the blood of warriors spilt in the brave days of old. Not far from here Pope the poet lived and sang. The author of "*Sandford and Merton*" was thrown from his horse and killed at our neighbouring village of Wargrave, the very name of which is suggestive of stirring times. Well, up yonder on the hillhead lived the good old Quaker Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Yet, strange to say, no Americans are ever known to visit the spot. There is at Ruscombe (Penn's parish) a pretty and rustic-looking church, and not far off is the cosy vicarage of red brick, and almost hidden in foliage. On a knoll behind it, and in the copse at one side, is quite a forest of waving pines and larches and oaks. Hidden in the centre of this forest is a rude kind of clearing; in reality it has been a quarry or gravel-pit, but it is now charmingly embanked with greensward, with here and there great patches of gorse and bramble.

This place all the livelong summer I make my everyday retreat, my woodland study. But it is not of myself I would speak. At one side of this clearing stands a great oak-tree. It rises from a flat grassy eminence, and affords an excellent shelter from showers or sun. At the foot of this tree sometimes, on moonlight midnights, a tall and aged figure, in a broad-brimmed hat, may be seen seated in meditation. It, or *he*, ever vanishes before any one is bold enough to approach. Can this be the ghost of Penn? Mind, I have never seen *it* or *him*, and the apparition may be all fancy, or moonshine and flickering shadow, but I give the story as I got it.

Twyford the Great is not a large place, its population is barely a thousand; there is a new town and an old. The new town is like all mushroom villages within a hundred miles of town—a mere tasteless conglomeration of bricks and mortar, with only two pretty houses in it.

But old Twyford is quaint and pretty from end to end—from the lofty poplars that bound my orchard out Ruscombe way, to the drowsy and romantic old mill to the Lodden. This last is worth a visit; only, if you lean over the bridge and look at this old mill for any length of time, you are bound to fall asleep, and I am bound to tell you so.

Twyford in summer, as well as the neighbourhood all round, may be seen at their best. The inhabitants of Twyford are at their best any day. I have strong reasons for believing the village must have been founded by some philosophical old Dutchman, or Rip van Winkle himself. And the peace of Penn seems to rest for ever around it.

The amusements in my wee village are few, rural, and primitive. Amateur cricket in summer, amateur concerts in winter, sum up the enjoyments of "Twyford at home."

But the most delightful time of all in our Twyford is the season from March to June. Concerts are over, cricket has not commenced, and therefore dulness and apathy might now be reasonably supposed to prevail among us. Perhaps; but the lover of nature is now quite as happy as the birds and the early flowers and budding trees.

So many lightning-tipped pens have written about spring and its enjoyments, that I shall not here attempt to sing its praises. I may be excused for saying, however, that while the inhabitants of towns and cities like as a rule to have their spring all ready-made when they pay a visit to rural districts, the orchards all in full bloom, the may all out, and the nightingales turned down, we simple-minded "country bodies" delight in watching and witnessing the gradual transformation from leafless tree to glittering leaf; from bare brown fields, o'erswept by stormy winds, to daisy-covered leas, cowslip meads, and primrose banks.

To me—and, no doubt, to millions—there is far more of beauty in a half-blown floweret of the field, say the mountain daisy, Burns's

"Wee modest crimson-tipp'd flower,

than there is in a garden favourite full outspread—take the staring midday tulip as a familiar example.

Down here in bird-haunted Berkshire spring begins in February even, whatever it may do in Yorkshire. Now noisy rooks begin to build; the mavis or thrush, perched high on some swaying tree, sings loud and sweet of joys in store; on sunny days I've known an invalid-looking hedgehog or dormouse wriggle out from his hibernal grave, look hungrily around, sun himself, shiver, and wriggle back again. But the sly snake and the sage old toad stick close to bank until the days are longer. Even thus early an occasional butterfly may be seen afloat, looking in vain for flowers. He cannot be happy; like the poet, he is born before his time.

But soon after big humble bees appear about gardens and woodland paths, flying drowsily and heavily. They are prospecting; they get into all kinds of holes, and I may say all kinds of scrapes, often tumbling helplessly on their backs, and getting very angry when you go to their assistance with a straw.

Did it ever strike the reader that those same great velvety bees are republicans in their ways of thinking? It is true. One humble bee is just as good as another. And very polite they are to each other too, and never unsheath their stings to fight without good occasion. Just one example: Last summer, in my woodland study, I noticed one large bee enter a crimson foxglove-bell. Presently round came another—not of the same clan, for he wore a white-striped tartan, the first being a Gordon, and wearing the yellow band. The newcomer was just about to enter the bell

where bee No. 1 was. Bee No. 1 simply lifted his forearm and waved the intruder back. "I really beg pardon," said bee No. 2; "I didn't know there was any one inside." And away he flew.

In February, down with us, the hazel-trees are tasselled over with catkins. Every one notices those, but few observe the tiny flower that grows on the twig near those drooping catkins. Only a tuft of green with a crimson tip, but inexpressibly beautiful. At the same time you will find the wild willow-bushes all covered with little flossy white cocoons.

There will be also a blaze of furze blossom here and there in the copse, but hardly a bud yet upon the hedgerows, while the great forest trees are still soundly wrapped in their winter sleep.

But high up on yonder swaying bough the thrush keeps on singing. Spring and joy are coming soon.

"It is the cuckoo that tells us spring is coming," some one may say. The man who first promulgated that notion ought to have been tried by court-martial. The cuckoo never comes till leaves are out and flowers in bloom. Nor the noisy wren nor melodious nightingale. These are merely actors and musicians, and they never put in an appearance till the carpet has been spread on the stage, and the scenery is perfect.

A cherry orchard is lovely indeed when its trees are snowed over with the blossoms that cluster around the twigs like swarms of bees, their dazzling whiteness relieved by just the faintest tinge of green. An apple orchard is also beautiful in the sunshine of a spring morning when the bloom is expanded. I grant that, but to me it is far more to be admired when the flowers are just opening and the carmine tint is on them.

Probably the pink or white may look best when in full unfolded bloom; but have you ever noticed either of these just before they open, when the flowerets look like little balls of red or white wax prettily set in their background of green leafage? The white variety at this stage presents an appearance not unlike that of lily-of-the-valley bloom, and is just as pretty.

The ordinary laurel too is quite a sight when its flowers are half unfolded. The Portuguese laurel blooms later on; the tree then looks pretty at a distance, but its perfume prevents one from courting a too close acquaintance with it.

But there is the common holly that gives us our Christmas decorations. Has my city reader noticed it in bloom in May? It is interesting if not beautiful. All round the ends of the twiglets, clustering beneath last year's leaves, is first seen an excrescence, not unlike that on the beak of a carrier pigeon. This opens at last into a white-green bunch of blossom, and often the crimson winter berries still cling to the same twiglet. This looks curious at least—May wedded to bleak December, Christmas to Midsummer.

The oak and the ash are among the last trees to hear the voice of spring and awaken from their winter's sleep. Grand, sturdy trees both, but how exceedingly modest in their florescence! So too is the plane or maple-tree.

The first young leaves of the latter are of different shades of brown and bronze, while those of the stunted oaks that grow in hedgerows are tinted with carmine, making these hedges gay in May and June, even before the honeysuckle or wild roses come out.

The oak-trees when first coming into leaf are of a golden-green colour, and quite a feature of the woodlands. The tall swaying poplars are yellow in leaf at first, but soon change to darkest green.

But in this sweet time of the year every tree is a poem, and the birds that hide among their foliage do but set those poems to music.

It is interesting to note the different kinds of showers that fall from the trees. Here in Twyford I live in a miniature wilderness, partly garden, partly orchard, partly forest. Very early in the year the yew-tree yonder sheds its little round blossoms, as thick as hail; soon after come showers of leaf scales or chaff from the splendid lime-trees; and all kinds of showers from the chestnuts. Anon there is a perfect snowstorm of apple-blossom, which continues for more than a week; and early in June, when the wind blows from the east, we are treated to a continued fall of the large flat seeds of the elms. They flutter downwards gently enough, but they litter the ground, cover the lawns and flower-beds, and lie inches deep on the top of the verandah.

* * * *

A drive from Twyford to Henley-on-Thames is very enjoyable on a summer's day; a journey thither in a great caravan like the Wanderer is still more so. The first two miles of the road might be termed uninteresting, because flat and monotonous, but it is uninteresting only to those who have no eye for the beauty of the wild flowers that line the banks, no ear for the melody of birds.

Wargrave, just two miles on the road, lies among its trees pretty close to the river's bank. I should not like to call it a health resort all the year round, owing to the killing fogs that bury it at times, but in the season it is a pleasant spot at which to spend a week. Wyatt's is the inn, a well-known river house indeed—old-fashioned, clean, and comfortable. There is a sign on a pole outside, which is worth taking a look at. Mr. Leslie and Mr. Hodson (the well-known artists) were sojourning here once upon a time, taking their ease at their inn. Perhaps it was raining, and the time felt long. Anyhow, between them they painted that sign, and there it hangs—St. George on one side engaged in deadly combat with a monster dragon; on the other side the dragon lying dead, and St. George dismounted, and engaged refreshing himself with a tankard of foaming ale.

From Wargrave to Henley the scenery is sweetly pretty, and the river never leaves your side, though at times it hides behind and beneath the spreading trees.

As every one has heard or read about or been at Henley Regatta, so every one knows something of Henley itself. It is a charming little town, and the wooded hills about, with, even on their summits, the white mansions peeping through the trees, the river—broad and sweeping—the fine old

bridge, and the church, combine to form not one picture only, but a picture in whichever direction you choose to look.

From the top of the church steeple the views on all sides are delightful.

I recommend this plan of seeing scenery to my American friends at present visiting England, and to every one else; never miss a chance of visiting the churches and getting up into the steeple. By this means I have oftentimes found refreshment both for mind and body.

If it were not that I wish to wander and roam through my native land, and actually *feel* from home, I could write a book on Berkshire alone. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of Twyford there are hundreds of beautiful spots, which those in search of health and quiet pleasure would do well to visit.

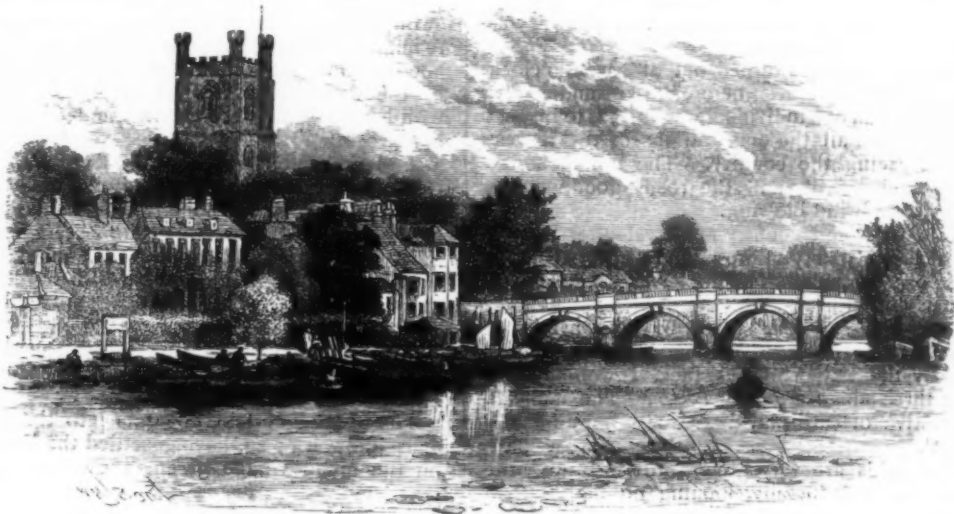
Marlow is a delightful village; all round

It had been raining the night before, and as the road from our yard leads somewhat up hill, it was no wonder that the immense caravan stuck fast before it got out of the gate. This was a bad beginning to a gipsy cruise, and, as a small concourse of neighbours had assembled to witness the start, was somewhat annoying. But a coal-carter's horse came to the rescue, and the start was finally effected.

Matilda took us through Twyford at a round trot, and would fain have broken into a gallop, but was restrained. But the long hill that leads up from the Loddon bridge took the extra spirit out of her, and she soon settled down to steady work.

There is a pretty peep of Reading to be caught from the top of the railway bridge. No traveller should miss seeing it.

Rested at Reading, our smart appearance excit-



HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

[Sketched on the spot.]

Maidenhead, up or down the river, it is even more so. One might say of the country hereabouts, especially in summer and autumn,

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it is,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye
Of gay castles
And soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness thro' the breast."

CHAPTER V.—A FIRST WEEK'S OUTING.

EARLY in May I left my village to enjoy a taste of gipsy life in earnest—a week on the road.

Matilda is a splendid mare, and a very handsome one. Strong and all though she be, there was in my mind a doubt as to whether she could drag the Wanderer on day after day at even the rate of ten miles in the twenty-four hours.

ing plenty of curiosity. It was inside that the crowd wanted to 'peep—it is inside all crowds want to peep, and they are never shy at doing so.

The town of Reading is too well known to need description; its abbey ruins are, however, the best part of it, to my way of thinking.

The day was as fine as day could be, the sky overcast with grey clouds that moderated the sun's heat.

Our chosen route lay past Calcot Park, with its splendid trees, its fine old solid-looking, red-brick mansion, and park of deer. This field of deer, I remember, broke loose one winter. It scattered in all directions; some of the poor creatures made for the town, and several were spiked on railings. The people had "sport," as they called it, for a week.

It was almost gloomy under the trees that here overhang the road. Matilda was taken out to graze, the after-tent put up, and dinner cooked

beneath the caravan. Cooked! ay, and eaten too with a relish one seldom finds with an indoor meal!

On now through Calcot village, a small and straggling little place, but the cottages are neat and pretty, and the gardens were all ablaze with spring flowers, and some of the gables and verandahs covered with flowering clematis.

The country soon got more open, the fields of every shade of green—a gladsome, smiling country, thoroughly English.

This day was thoroughly enjoyable, and the mare Matilda did her work well.

Unhorsed and encamped for the night in the comfortable yard of Crown Inn.

When one sleeps in his caravan in an inn yard he does not need to be called in the morning; far sooner than is desirable in most instances cocks begin to noisily assert their independence, dogs bark or rattle their chains, cows moan in their stalls, and horses clatter uneasily by way of expressing their readiness for breakfast. By-and-by ostlers come upon the scene, then one may as well get up as lie a-bed.

Though all hands turned out at seven o'clock a.m., it was fully eleven before we got under way, for more than one individual was curious to inspect us, and learn all the outs and ins of this newest way of seeing the country. The forenoon was sunny and bright, and the roads good, with a coldish headwind blowing.

Both road and country are level after leaving Theale, with plenty of wood and well-treed braelands on each side. This for several miles.

Jack's Booth, or the Three Kings, is a long, low house-of-call that stands by the wayside at cross roads: an unpleasant sort of a place to look at. By the way, who was Jack, I wonder, and what three kings are referred to? The name is suggestive of card-playing. But it may be historical.

The fields are very green and fresh, and the larks sing very joyfully, looking no bigger than midges against the little fleecy cloudlets.

I wonder if it be more difficult for a bird to sing on the wing than on a perch. The motion, I think, gives a delightful tremolo to the voice.

My cook, steward, valet, and general factotum is a lad from my own village, cleanly, active, and very willing, though not gifted with too good a memory, and apt to put things in the wrong places—my boots in the oven, for instance!

He sleeps on a cork mattress in the after-compartment of the Wanderer, and *does not snore*.

A valet who snored would be an unbearable calamity in a caravan.

Hurricane Bob, my splendid Newfoundland, sleeps in the saloon on a morsel of red blanket. He *does* snore sometimes, but if told of it immediately places his chin over his fore-paw, and in this position sleeps soundly without any nasal sonance.

On our way to Woolhampton—our dining stage—we had many a peep at English rural life that no one ever sees from the windows of a railway carriage. Groups of labourers, male and female, cease work among the mangolds, and, leaning on

their hoes, gaze wonderingly at the Wanderer. Even those lazy workaday horses seem to take stock of us, switching their long tails as they do so in quite a businesslike way. Yonder are great stacks of old hay, and yonder a terribly-red brick farm-building, peeping up through a cloudland of wood.

We took Matilda out by the roadside at Woolhampton. This village is very picturesque; it lies in a hollow, and is surrounded by miniature mountains and greenwood. The foliage here is even more beautiful than that around Twyford.

We put up the after-tent, lit the stove, and prepared at once to cook dinner—an Irish stew, made of a rabbit, rent in pieces, and some bacon, with sliced potatoes—a kind of cock-a-leekie. We flavoured it with vinegar, sauce, salt, and pepper. It was an Irish stew—perhaps it was a good deal Irish, but it did not eat so very badly, nor did we dwell long over it.

The fresh air and exercise give one a marvellous appetite, and we were hungry all day long.

But every one we met seemed to be hungry too. A hunk of bread and bacon or bread and cheese appears to be the standing dish. Tramps sitting by the wayside, navvies and roadmen, hawkers with barrows—all were carving and eating their hunk.

A glorious afternoon.

With cushions and rugs, our broad dicky makes a most comfortable lounge, which I take advantage of. Here one can read, can muse, can dream, in a delightfully lethargic frame of mind. Who would be a dweller in dusty cities, I wonder, who can enjoy life like this?

Foley—my valet—went on ahead on the Ranelagh Club (our caravan tricycle) to spy out the land at Thatcham and look for quarters for the night.

There were certain objections to the inn he chose, however; so, having settled the Wanderer on the broad village green, I went to another inn.

A blackish-skinned, burly, broad-shouldered fellow answered my summons. Gruff he was in the extreme.

"I want stabling for the night for one horse, and also a bed for my driver." This from me.

"Humph! I'll go and see," was the reply.

"Very well; I'll wait."

The fellow returned soon.

"Where be goin' to sleep yourse'f?"

This he asked in a tone of lazy insolence.

I told him mildly I had my travelling saloon caravan. I thought that by calling the Wanderer a *saloon* I would impress him with the fact that I was a gentleman-gipsy.

Here is the answer in full.

"Humph! Then your driver can sleep there too. We won't 'ave no wan [van] 'osses 'ere; and wot's more, we won't 'ave no wan folks!"

My Highland blood got up; for a moment I measured that man with my eye, but finally I burst into a merry laugh, as I remembered that, after all, Matilda was only a "wan" horse, and we were only "wan" folks.

In half an hour more both Matilda and my

driver were comfortably housed, and I was having tea in the caravan.

Thatcham is one of the quietest and quaintest old towns in Berkshire. Some of the houses are really studies in primeval architecture. I could not help fancying myself back in the Middle Ages. Even that gruff landlord looked as if he had stepped out of an old picture, and were indeed one of the beef-eating, bacon-chewing retainers of some ancient baronial hall.

It was somewhat noisy this afternoon on the village green. The young folks naturally took us for a show, and wondered what we did, and when we were going to do it.

Meanwhile they amused themselves as best they could. About fifty girls played at ball and "give-and-take" on one side of the green, and about fifty boys played on the other.

The game the boys played was original and remarkable for its simplicity. Thus, two lads challenged each other to play, one to be deer, the other to be hound. Then round and round and up and down the green they sped till finally the breathless hound caught the breathless deer. Then "a ring" of the other lads was formed, and deer and hound had first to wrestle and then to fight. And *væ victis!* the conquered lad had no sooner declared himself beaten than he was seized and thrown on his back, a rope was fastened to his legs, and he was drawn twice round the ground by the juvenile shouting mob, and then the fun began afresh. A game like this is not good for boys' jackets, and tailors must thrive in Thatcham.

Next day was showery, and so was the day after, but we continued our rambles all the same and enjoyed it very much indeed.

But now on moist roads, and especially on hills, it became painfully evident that Matilda—who, by the way, was only on trial—was not fit for the work of dragging the Wanderer along in all countries and in all weathers. She was willing, but it grieved me to see her sweat and pant.

Our return journey was made along the same route. Sometimes, in making tea or coffee, we used a spirit-of-wine stove. It boiled our water soon, and there was less heat. Intending caravanists would do well to remember this. Tea, again, we found more quickly made than coffee, and cocoatina than either.

As we rolled back again towards Woolhampton the weather was very fine and sunny. It was a treat to see the cloud shadows chasing each other over the fields of wind-tossed wheat, or the meadows golden with buttercups, and starred with the ox-eyed daisies.

The oldest of old houses can be seen and admired in outlying villages of Berkshire, and some of the bold Norman-looking men who inhabit these take the mind back to Merrie England in the Middle Ages. Some of these men look as though they could not only eat the rustiest of bacon, but actually swallow the rind.

On our way back to Theale we drew up under

some pine-trees to dine. The wind, which had been blowing high, increased to half a gale. This gave me the new experience—that the van rocked. Very much so too, but it was not unpleasant. After dinner I fell asleep on the sofa, and dreamt I was rounding the Cape of Good Hope in a strong breeze.

There is a road that leads away up to Beenham Hill from Woolhampton, from which, I think, one of the loveliest views in Berks can be had. A long winding avenue leads to it—an avenue

"O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,"

and "braes" clad in breckans, among which wild flowers were growing. The sweet-scented hyacinth, the white or pink crane's-bill, the little pimpernel, and the azure speedwell.

The hill is wooded—and such woods!—and all the wide country seen therefrom is wooded.

Surely spring tints rival even those of autumn itself!

This charming spot is the home *par excellence* of the merle and thrush, the saucy robin, the bold pert chaffie, and murmuring cushat.

Anchored at Crown Inn at Theale once more.

A pleasant walk through the meadows in the cool evening. Clover and vetches coming into bloom, or already red and white. A field of blossoming beans. Lark singing its vesper hymn. I was told when a boy it was a hymn, and I believe it still.

After a sunset visit to the steeple of Theale Church we turned in for the night. Bob has quite taken up his commission as caravan guard. By day he sleeps on the broad dicky, with his crimson blanket over his shoulders to keep away the cold May winds; and when we call a halt woe be to the tramp who ventures too near, or who looks at all suspicious.

On leaving the Crown Inn yard, Matilda made an ugly "gibe," which almost resulted in a serious accident to the whole expedition. Matilda has a mind of her own. I do *not* like a horse that thinks, and I shall not have much more of Matilda. To be capsized in a dog-cart by a gibing horse would be bad enough, but with our great conveyance it would mean something akin to shipwreck.

The last experience I wish to record in this chapter is this: in caravan travelling there is naturally more fatigue than there would be in spending the same time in a railway carriage. When, therefore, you arrive in the evening at one village, you have this feeling—that you must be hundreds of miles from another.

"Is it possible," I could not help asking myself, "that Thatcham is only ten or twelve miles from Theale, and that by train I could reach it in fifteen minutes? It feels to me as if it were far away in the wilds of Scotland."

People must have felt precisely thus in the days before railways were invented, and when horses were the only progressive power.

Varieties.

British Association.—The fifty-fifth annual meeting commences on Wednesday, September 9th, at Aberdeen. The president-elect is Sir Lyon Playfair, K.C.B., M.P. The Association has only once before met at Aberdeen, when the Prince Consort was president. The meeting for 1886 is to be at Birmingham, under the presidency, it is rumoured, of Principal Dawson, of Montreal, whose influence largely helped to the successful Canadian meeting of 1884, the first time the members had assembled beyond the British home boundaries.

General Grant and General Lee.

After the last struggle at Richmond, when Lee saw that further resistance was useless, he sent a message to Grant, offering to surrender on terms. General Lee rode on to the village of Appomattox, and at the house of a farmer named M'Lean the two chiefs met. What followed had better be told in General Grant's own words:

I found General Lee had been brought into our lines and conducted to a house belonging to a Mr. M'Lean, and was there with one of his staff officers waiting my arrival. The head of his column was occupying a hill across the little valley from the court-house. Sheridan's forces were drawn up in line of battle on the hill south of the same valley. I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican war, but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our ages and rank, that he would remember me; while I would remember him because he was the chief engineer on the staff of General Scott in the Mexican war. When I had left camp that morning I had not expected the result so soon, and consequently was in rough garb, and, I believe, without a sword, wearing a soldier's blouse for a coat, with shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and, after shaking hands, took our seats. What his feelings were I do not know. Being a man of much dignity and with an impenetrable face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or whether he felt sadly over the result and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings were, they were entirely concealed from observation, but my own feelings, which had been quite apparent on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe that had fought so long and gallantly, and had suffered so much for a cause which I believed to be one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and for which there was not the least pretext. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us. General Lee was dressed in full uniform, entirely new, and wearing a sword of considerable value. In my rough travelling suit, which was the uniform of a private, with the straps of a general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards. General Lee and I soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well, and I told him, as a matter of course, that I remembered him perfectly. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. General Lee was accompanied by one of his staff officers—Colonel Marshall. I had all of my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

The terms were soon arranged, and in the conditions magnanimously imposed by Grant upon his absolutely helpless opponent the generosity of the victor will never be referred to in history except in terms of the highest admiration. The Confederate officers were required to give their individual paroles never to take up arms against the United States Government again, while each commander of a company signed a like parole for the men under his command. The arms and artillery of the Confederates were to be turned

over to Federal officers appointed to receive them, but from this provision the side-arms of officers and their private horses and baggage were excluded. "This done," concluded General Grant's statement, "each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the authority of the United States so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside." When the terms were written out General Grant handed them to his antagonist. "Lee said at once," adds General Badeau, "that the conditions were in the highest degree magnanimous, and would have a very good effect upon his army."

And now the war was at length finished. Not a gun was fired after Lee's surrender was known. In the South, the generosity and modesty of Grant were objects of universal gratitude and admiration; in the North, the conqueror of Lee was hailed with warm outbursts of praise and affection.

The last days of Grant were in keeping with his whole history and character, patient and manly to the end.

Post Office Items.

The Report for the year ending March, 1885, shows a considerable growth in many departments. Under each head—letters, postcards, book packets and circulars, newspapers, and parcels—there is a decided increase. The 1,360,341,400 letters sent in the twelve months show an increase of 2.9 per cent. on the year before; the 160,340,500 postcards an increase of 4.4 per cent.; the 320,416,800 book packets and circulars show twice as large an increase as the postcards, namely, 8.8 per cent.; while the newspapers, 143,674,500 in number, show an increase of only 0.7 per cent. The largest increase of all is in the parcel post. The number of parcels carried by the Post Office in the year was 22,904,373, an increase of 11.3 per cent. Thus the total number of articles of all kinds—letters, postcards, book packets and circulars, newspapers, and parcels—carried in the year was 2,007,677,573, which gives an increase of 3.8 per cent. Each person in the United Kingdom sent on an average 55.6 such articles, namely, 37.8 letters, 4.5 postcards, 8.9 book packets or circulars, and four newspapers. The remaining fraction represents the yearly use of the parcel post by each person. When it is recollected that the annual increase in the population is 1 per cent., it will be seen that the increase in correspondence is not only actual but relative, and that it is between three and four times as great as the increase in population. If we add the postcards to the letters, we shall find that the letters to each person are forty-two in number, a far larger number than in any other country. Thirty years ago the average number in this country was fifteen to each person, so that the growth of correspondence has been 180 per cent. in that time. As the parcel post is a comparatively new institution, it is worth while to notice that the 22,904,373 parcels were carried at an expense of 5.33d. on an average each, or a total of £508,070, of which the department's share was £251,613; while the railways, who take 55 per cent. on all parcels borne by them, received £256,457.

In the number of registered letters, 11,365,151, there is a decrease of 1.5 per cent., almost the only decrease to be found in the work of the department. This doubtless arises from the fact that people find more facilities in the use of postal orders. The number of post-offices increased during the year by 483, to 16,434, and the receptacles for letters by 773, up to 33,000. It may be mentioned that, for the convenience of travellers, it is intended to fix in front of all village post-offices the name of the village. Returned articles were 5,626,875 in number, and of the 26,472 letters which were posted without any address whatever, 1,686 contained value to the total amount of £3,898. Upwards of 45,000 parcels could not be delivered, owing chiefly to insecure packing and incomplete addresses. The business of the

savings bank branch of the department is increasing. The total amount due to depositors on December 31 last was £44,773,773, an increase of £3,004,965; 774,268 accounts were opened and 546,235 were closed, and the total number remaining open was 3,333,675. In each case these figures show a substantial increase over those of the previous year.

The telegraph business shows but little development, and an increase of only 435,000 messages cannot be considered, the report says, as satisfactory. The number of such messages, 33,278,459, is, however, the largest yet sent in any year.

The gross revenue for the year was £10,032,483; the expenditure £7,386,185; leaving a net revenue of £2,646,298, less by over £40,000 than in the previous year. The number of the staff required to carry on the business of the department is over 48,000, of whom some 3,000 are women, who are employed as clerks, telegraphists, attendants at the counter, or as sorters.

Not the least interesting part of a Blue Book which deals chiefly with figures, is the account of the curious incidents which occurred in the work of the department. A bird, described as a bluebreast, hatched a brood in a private letter-box in a road near Locherbie. The bird knew the postman, who was in the habit of feeding her, and remained on her nest when he opened the box, but always flew away when any one else opened it. Among the parcels sent by parcel post in 1884 was one containing a screech-owl. If the postmaster at Greenock had not opened the parcel, induced thereto by the strange noises coming from it, the bird, no doubt, would have died, as it was in an exhausted condition, and only recovered after careful nursing. An inhabitant of Liverpool, influenced either by curiosity or by economy, wrote a letter containing twenty-six words on the back of a penny stamp. This was duly delivered, as was a second letter of the same kind. When an attempt was made with a halfpenny stamp, the despatch became liable to a charge of a penny, as an insufficiently prepaid letter.

Mrs. Butler (F. A. Kemble) on the Bible and Shakespeare.

It cannot but seem to every thoughtful reader of Shakespeare how absolutely pervaded his language is with the spirit and form of that most precious treasure of our tongue, the English Bible. It has been a question how much Greek—if any—how much of Latin and the modern French and Italian languages our great dramatist possessed; and little proof can be found of his having anything but the most superficial acquaintance with any language but his own; but it is impossible to read his plays attentively without perceiving that his mind was absolutely imbued with the style of thought and expression of our Bible. And, strange to say, an intimate familiarity with the peculiar characteristics of its language is infinitely more perceptible in his profane (not to use the word in any way but its technical sense) plays than in the great sacred epic of our English tongue, the "Paradise Lost," whose learned author had assuredly the Bible in his heart, but so great a store of Greek, Latin, and Italian lore in his head, that though the subject of his poem is purely biblical, the style seldom, if ever, recalls that of the Bible; while in reading his noble Jewish tragedy of the "Samson" the Greek dramatists occur to us half a dozen times for once that we are reminded of the wild story of the Israelitish hero and his Philistian persecutors as it stands in the book of Judges.

And well it is for us and for him that our great playwright knew his Bible as he did; that book of which one of the most eminent seceders from the Church of England—John Henry Newman—said that it was the most formidable obstacle that Roman Catholic propagandists have to encounter in converting English Protestants—their Bible, of which the pure and noble language becomes betimes so familiar to their minds and mouths that it is impossible to present to them the truth clothed in any words which can approach in lucid sublimity those that lie, God be thanked! on every cottage chimney throughout the English land.

The copious inspiration Shakespeare drew from this source has made his plays the lay Bible of Englishmen; and it is curious enough that the ignorant among them misquote him for Holy Writ sometimes (but never Milton), seduced, like the worthy judge in Texas, by the similitude of speech and

spirit into substituting the words of poetical for those of sacred inspiration.—*Notes on the Tempest*, p. 151.

London Society of Compositors.—Trades unions are sometimes blamed for meddling with political affairs, and for interfering with the personal liberty of working men, but in regard to mutual benefit to members in sickness, or lack of employment, or other incidental troubles, their action is always supposed to be wise and beneficent. The following case, lately before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, proves that the legitimate action of a trade union is open to occasional abuses. The compositors are probably above the average of working men in prudence and intelligence, yet we read the following statement about one of their "black sheep," and only hope that it is rare for a man to profit at the rate of 600 per cent. from the trade fund of the London compositors. The defendant joined the Compositors' Society in 1879, and had paid in contributions £9 18s. 3d.; but, on the other hand, he had actually received, by representing himself to be out of work and requiring assistance, no less than £50 14s. 1d. from the funds. A stop was finally put to his extortions, and then he expressed his desire to emigrate to New York if he was assisted in doing so. The society granted him a sum of £8, and with it a passage ticket was procured and handed to him by the secretary; but, instead of leaving the country, he took the ticket back to the office, resold it, and pocketed the proceeds.—[If the case had been tried by an Eastern Kadi the fellow would have received prompt and merited sentence.]

London and Suburban Churches.—The new edition of the Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs contains information as to 953 churches, but as the details on all the heads are not complete in all instances, the number for statistical purposes is corrected to 940. In 546 churches, three-fifths, there is a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion; in fifty there is daily celebration; in 662, more than two-thirds, an early morning celebration; in 204, nearly one-fourth, a choral celebration; and in 282, more than one-fourth, there is evening Communion. There is daily prayer in 301 churches, nearly one-third; in 488, more than half, there is service on Saints' days; and in 124, nearly one-seventh, there is no week-day service. Fully choral service obtains in 399 churches, and in 333 the services are partly choral (the psalms are sung, but the prayers are not monotonous), so that in 732 out of the 940 churches, or more than three-fourths, music is freely used. In 538 churches, more than half, there is a surpliced choir; in 297, more than one-fourth, the choir is paid; and in 493, more than half, the choir is voluntary. The Gregorian tones are used for the psalms and canticles in 117 churches, one-eighth, while in others they are partially used. The weekly offertory from the whole congregation is the rule in 557 churches, three-fifths; in 341, more than one-third, the seats are free and open; and 129 churches, nearly one-seventh, are open for private prayer. The Eucharistic vestments are adopted in forty churches; the surplice is worn in the pulpit in 706, leaving the black gown in use for preaching in one-fourth of the total number; incense is used ceremonially in fourteen churches; the altar lights are used in ninety-five churches, while in sixty-four other churches there are unlighted candles on the altar; the eastward position of the celebrant at the Holy Communion is the rule at 335 churches, more than one-third; at 268, more than one-fourth, floral decorations are introduced at festivals; and in 181 churches the Dedication Festival is observed.

Harvest of the Sea.—Mr. T. S. Wilson, British Vice-Consul at Lofoten, Norway, gives, in a letter to the "Times," a wonderful account of the exhaustless fisheries of the Northern Sea. He says: "Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered June 18th, 1883, states that 'the coming in of the codfish to the Lofoten Islands in the early months of the year is one of the most wonderful sights in the world'; that the cod form what is called a 'cod mountain,' which may occupy a vertical height of 120 to 130 feet of the sea; and that these shoals of enormous extent keep coming in in great numbers from the westward and southward for a period of something like two months. No one who has not visited the

Lofoten Islands in February or March can imagine what it is to see about 7,000 boats leave the fishing stations for the fishing ground, which varies from half a mile to three miles from the shore, and on a favourable day return with a million and a half and over two millions of codfish. I have seen it repeatedly; but on the coast of Finmarken the fish are often much more numerous than in the Lofotens; a single row-boat, with seven men, not unfrequently brings in 3,000 codfish in one day. The shoals of herrings, too, are wonderful, and they form the principal food of the cod. I have known the catch in one fjord, the Eidsfjord, to amount to 300,000 barrels, or more than 150,000,000 herrings. These figures confirm Professor Huxley's estimate of the number of codfish to be found every season in one square mile of the West Fjord—viz., 120,000,000, with the 840,000,000 herrings needed every week for their support. Yet the whole of the Norwegian fisheries do not produce more than 70,000,000 codfish, and not more than 400,000,000 herrings yearly, an infinitesimal fraction of the available production of the Northern seas. Little, if any, of this vast quantity of fish can be used fresh. When frozen there seems no market for it. The bulk is salted and shipped to various parts of the world. A considerable portion of it is used for manure, and this brings me to the point which is of vital importance to all agriculturists—the use of fish as manure. That fish is one of the most lasting and efficient fertilisers of soil is beyond dispute; but to be universally available it must be dried and reduced to a fine powder. Its manurial constituents—nitrogen, phosphates, and potash—form the best natural food for the soil, and that if liberally applied will restore fertility to the most exhausted lands. Every leading authority confirms this view. My experience satisfies me that there is enough fish in the sea to provide food for mankind, and to supply England with a manure the application of which will enormously increase its fertility. In the Eastern seas fish literally swarm. There and in the United States factories and depôts have been established to catch fish solely for the oil and guano which they contain, which are regularly shipped to this country. In my consular district there are several manufacturing for drying fish and reducing it to powder. The chief of these, known in Norway as the English Company, has used upwards of 30,000 barrels of herrings and more than 10,000 tons of various kinds of fish for manure last year, which would otherwise have been wasted. The whole of this valuable product is sent to England, and it is said that its results fully bear out the forty years' experience of Sir John Lawes. It is a mistake to suppose that it is wicked waste to take fish for manure. If judiciously applied to land *per se*, it does permanent good to the soil, and produces crops as valuable as the fish itself would be if utilised for food. It is to be hoped that the wealth of the seas, all the world over, will be ultimately utilised for the benefit of the farmer, and thus replace yearly the now exhausted stores of Peruvian guano."

M. Thiers and the Murder of the Archbishop of Paris.—A recent communication by M. Flotte, a Communist leader, throws upon M. Thiers the blame of allowing Archbishop Darboy and other hostages to be put to death, rather than deliver in exchange M. Blanqui, who was specially dreaded and disliked by M. Thiers. M. Flotte, the friend and comrade of Blanqui, the Communist, who died about two years ago, contributes to M. Henri Rochefort's paper an interesting account of his journey to Versailles during the Commune for the purpose of arranging with M. Thiers as to exchange of the hostages. In publishing this account, which is quite original, and the letters that passed between M. Thiers and the Archbishop of Paris, M. Henri Rochefort desires to prove that the former was morally responsible for the shooting of the hostages. Had the head of the Versailles Government been less fearful of surrendering Blanqui the lives of Archbishop Darboy, of the Curé of the Madeleine, and of the other hostages held by the Reds, might have been spared. On April 10th, 1871, Flotte went to Mazas prison for the purpose of arranging with the Archbishop and the Abbé Deguerry the day of his departure for Versailles. Monseigneur Darboy received Blanqui's friend with smiles, being sanguine as to the result of his errand. The Archbishop explained that the Papal Nuncio, Mr. Washburne, the United States Minister, and the representative of the Lord Mayor of London, were about to go to

Versailles on the same errand, and that M. Thiers was awaiting their arrival. The Abbé Deguerry, who was also to write to M. Thiers on the subject of the exchange, then told M. Flotte that his letter would be ready on the morrow. Next day (the 11th) M. Flotte received two letters, one from the Archbishop and the other from the Curé of the Madeleine, the contents of which have been already published. On the 12th M. Flotte set out for Versailles in order to give these letters to M. Thiers, but was not received at the Prefecture until the 13th, at eight o'clock a.m. M. Thiers read the two letters. That of the Archbishop was short and sorrowful. It reminded the head of the Government that the life of the writer was in danger, and asked that M. Flotte, who was an upright and sincere man, although of extreme political opinions, should be heard. The Abbé Deguerry's letter was of greater length. He called on M. Thiers to put an end to the terrible suspense of the hostages, and told him that the Archbishop had been doomed to certain death by the Reds. To all this M. Thiers lightly replied that it was not possible, and that the Abbé Deguerry was misinformed as to the danger in which Monseigneur Darboy was placed. Flotte insisted that the Abbé Deguerry was quite right in his statements. He pointed out, in answer to M. Thiers's questions, that, owing to the barbarity with which the Versailles generals had treated the insurgent prisoners, the Communists had become exasperated, and intended to wreak their vengeance on the Archbishop and other hostages. This barbarity the head of the executive strenuously denied, contending that the insurgents were treated as regular prisoners of war. "But," urged M. Flotte, "the triple murder of Duval and his two lieutenants by General Vinoy, the slaughter of eighty-four men of the National Guard, who were shot down by order of General Gallifet, do not prove that." This rather staggered M. Thiers, who refused, nevertheless, to release M. Blanqui.

Origin of Cocked Hats.—Great breadth of brim and a profusion of feathers were fashionable characteristics of the hats in the time of Charles II, and the gradual expansion of brim led to the device of looping or tying up that portion. Hence arose various fashionable "cocks" in hats, such as the "Monmouth cock," the "Brunswick cock," and ultimately, by the looping up equally of three sides of the low-crowned hat, the cocked hat which prevailed throughout the eighteenth century was elaborated.—*The Hatter.*

Homes of the Poor.—In introducing his Bill for the improvement of the houses of the poor the Marquess of Salisbury spoke in a strain which the Earl of Shaftesbury himself could not have excelled. "He was not without hope that it adopted it would exercise very considerable influence upon the happiness of those whose lot in life was very different to theirs, and who had many sorrows and troubles in store for them. He felt that this condition of the lowest and poorest classes in the most crowded parts of the community was one more than any other which deserved attention both inside and outside of Parliament, because the condition of the most numerous class of the community, the character of the English race, the nature of those who were produced from generation to generation, who carried on the traditions of our country, who filled its army, who performed its public service, who maintained its prosperity, and who upheld its ancient reputation, must depend on the physical causes that attended their birth and nurture. Among those physical causes there was none more powerful or more prominent than the houses in which they and their parents dwelt, and therefore there was none which more deserved the more earnest, careful, unflinching, and yet circumspect attention at once of the philanthropist and of the statesman."

The Karlsruhe Picture Gallery.—The Karlsruhe (Baden) Grand Ducal Gallery contains one of the best collections of paintings by Dutch masters to be found out of Holland. The Baden-Durlach reigning family has been ever a patron of art, and the margraves and grand dukes have been very fortunate in many of their art purchases. They have also by their munificence drawn to the capital of the Grand Duchy many artists of high talent, and it was at Karlsruhe that the great painters, Winterhalter, Nicutowski, Schirmer, Descondres, Gussow, etc., met with so much patronage before

being celebrated. The present renowned professors of painting—Von Werner, of Berlin, Von Gebhardt, of Düsseldorf, and Canon, of Vienna, were pupils at the Karlsruhe Academy of Art, which is now under the direction of Professors Schönléber, Keller, Pöckh, Hoff, and Götz. Professor Keller takes the "akt" class, Professor Pöckh the "natur" class at the Academy. All of these professors have distinguished themselves, and several of their pupils are beginning to vie with them. Amongst the latter I may mention Schirm. At 35, Bedford Street, Strand, two Scotch landscapes by this artist are on view, as also a *genre* painting by Borgmann, another pupil of Karlsruhe, who took the prize at the Berlin Salon in 1879. By command of H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden, Braun of Dornach (the purchaser of the London Autotype Company's patent), has reproduced in carbon-photography a series of thirty-five of the Karlsruhe Gallery Paintings. It is from one of these that the picture is given in woodcut.

Trades Unions.—A letter in the "Times" with the well-known signature of Edmund Beckett had this characteristic statement: "The late Mr. Fawcett, whose loss I sincerely regret, though differing utterly from his politics, told them in his book, and they know it is true, that the 'chief purpose of trades unions is to organise workmen into a combination sufficiently powerful to enforce regulations both on masters and men, and that their functions as a 'friendly society' for the relief of men *bonâ fide* disabled from work are quite secondary. And they took care to keep them so, and Parliament was weak and foolish enough to enact it for them, that their committees are allowed to swindle away on strikes much of the money that prudent men have subscribed for sickness and to avoid 'a pauper's grave.'"

Edmund About and Francisque Sarcey.—At the Baccalauréat examinations in the University of Paris, as in our schools at Oxford, a white tie is expected to be worn, though it seems from the following anecdote that the absence of it would not cause exclusion by the porter, as with us. When the celebrated French dramatic critic, Francisque Sarcey, went up for his oral examination for the Baccalauréat, he presented himself before the jury, clothed in an old frock coat, a red striped shirt, and a coloured cravat. He had said to himself, "The white shirt is only a social prejudice; talent does not lie in the colour of a shirt." The jury were shocked, seeing in the stripes too revolutionary a tendency. Happily for him, M. de Wailly, one of his friends, was upon the jury. He wrote at once to About to warn his young friend of the risk he was running. About went the morning of the second examination to Sarcey's room and found him in the flaming shirt. "Take that thing off at once," said About; "are you mad?" He forcibly stripped the audacious candidate, made him put on a suit of black, and tied for him the white tie *de rigueur*. Then he accompanied him to the gates of the Sorbonne to see that no harm happened to the clothes that were going to be examined. "I dare to say," says Sarcey, "that my entrance created a sensation. When I presented myself at the bar correctly clothed in new black, with, *for comble de concession*, a pair of gloves that About had lent me in one hand, a murmur of satisfaction was quite audible, and I was placed high on the list. I might have cried with Sedaine, "Oh, mon habit, que je vous remercie!"

Anecdote of Madame Malibran.—One evening Malibran felt rather annoyed at the general prejudice expressed by the company present against English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music. Malibran in vain asserted that all countries possessed, in a greater or less degree, many ancient melodies peculiarly their own, and that nothing could exceed the beauty of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of Arne, Linley, Shield, Bishop, Barnett, Horn, Lee, etc., declaring her belief that if some of these had been produced under a foreign name, as Signor Vescovo, or Cuerno, thus Italianising Bishop and Horn, they would *faire furor*. And she volunteered to sing a new Spanish song, composed as she said by Don Chocarrera. She began—and everybody was all attention; she touched the piano lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile

might be observed in her countenance, she began to sing the following words:

Maria trayga un caldero,
De aqua Llama levapte
Maria fonta caldero
Agamos nuestro te.

She finished—the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English. Malibran assented to the justice of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to their argument if the same air which she had sung slowly should be found equally beautiful when performed very quickly. The parties agreed, when, to their utter consternation, but much to the diversion of Malibran herself, this Spanish melody, which she had sung so beautifully, turned out to be "Molly put the kettle on!"

"Book Lore."—This new magazine, devoted to old-time literature, promises to be a successful as it certainly is a most interesting journal. Monumental and architectural antiquities have several magazines devoted to them, and it is well that book-antiquities should have their special organs. The "Bibliographer" is now incorporated with the more comprehensive "Book-Lore," which is published monthly by Elliot Stock, price one shilling. For book-collectors, book-buyers, book-sellers, and all lovers of books, there will be found pleasant and useful reading in its pages. With more formal articles are interspersed curious paragraphs and racy anecdotes concerning books old and new.

Alliteration.—The fondness for alliteration displayed in the "Pleasures of Memory" attracted the attention of the critics; and Rogers used to say that a proposed emendation in the second of the following lines, which form the commencement of the second part, was the best suggestion he ever received from a reviewer—

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail."

The critic's suggestion was that, to complete the alliteration the line should stand thus—

"Oft up the stream of Time I turn my tail."

"Other Animals."—In the Queen's Bench Division, before Justices Grove and Lopes, Mr. Horace Smith moved, on behalf of Dominick Gavan, for a rule calling on the justices for the borough of Chesterfield to show cause why they should not hear and determine an appeal arising out of a breach of pound case. The Act relating to the poundage of animals found wandering, directed that in consequence of the difficulties in recovering damages for the injuries so done they might be impounded, and that any person releasing them would be subjected to a penalty, the section in question referring to the release of "any horse, ass, sheep, or other cattle found wandering." In the present case the animals distrained on were cows, heifers, and bullocks, but the justices had held that these did not come within the category of "other animals" alluded to in the section. He submitted that they came within the definition in the section of the Act. Mr. Justice Grove: "You have said enough to entitle you to a rule." "Justices' law" is often ridiculed, and not always justly; but this interpretation of the law by the justices beats in absurdity all previous instances.

New Methods in Porcelain Manufacture.—The paste used for porcelain often contains ferruginous particles, which give the baked articles a colour, or a minutely-spotted appearance, where a pure white may have been desired. In this way ceramic products may lose as much as fifty per cent. of their value. The attempts hitherto made to remove those traces of iron with magnets have met with poor success. Recently, however, at two important French works, the Faïencerie of Creil, and the establishment of MM. Pillivuyt and Co., of Mehun-sur-Yèvre, it was decided to set up powerful apparatus in which the electricity, instead of being supplied from batteries, was obtained by means of a small Gramme machine

driven by a steam-engine. The arrangement, which is said to work well, comprises a strong horizontal electro-magnet, with the poles very near each other, and between them a thin box. The paste, very liquid, enters the upper part of this box, and is deflected towards the polar sides by a bent piece of zinc. As it flows down these sides the iron corpuscles are caught on them by the magnetic force. The apparatus is cleaned twice a day by means of a jet of water, the magnet being unmade. About one gramme of iron particles is stopped in the passage of twelve kilogrammes of paste, and five or six hundred kilogrammes of paste may be passed through one apparatus in a day. Again, a porous porcelain or earthenware is produced by Herr Buchholz, of Charlottenburg, by mixing the prepared paste with matters which burn while the wares are baked, and leave the spaces they previously took up empty (except a little ash). Different kinds of matter for the purpose are taken according to the kind of pores desired. Seed-grains of various kinds and sizes are suitable, especially poor corn; still better, thin rods of willow, and rounded in a mill. Herr Buchholz also utilises the same principle for producing regular, continuous pores or apertures in porcelain ware by means of wooden rods embedded in particular directions in the paste.

Norwich Museum.—Of local museums that of "Norfolk and Norwich" is rich in specimens of birds of prey. Mr. J. H. Gurney has prepared a list of 3,000 diurnal and 1,000 nocturnal birds of prey in the museum. We give the numbers from a local paper, but would have thought it large for a provincial collection. Mr. John Henry Gurney has contributed to the "Leisure Hour" and other magazines many valuable ornithological notes.

Peabody Buildings.—The Trustees of the Peabody Fund have allowed their buildings to get too much into the possession of a class above what was intended by the benevolent donor. If the sites of the disused prisons at Pentonville, Millbank, and Coldbath Fields are to be procured, as we hear, by the Metropolitan Board of Works for building working men's houses, it is to be hoped that stricter rules as to the classes of occupants may be enforced. A "Temperance block" would ensure a decent set of mechanics, as on the Shaftesbury Estate in South London.

A Moslem School for Boys.—In the village of Nebk, two days' journey north of Damascus in the Kalaman mountains, where we had our summer quarters, we saw what is not a common sight in Syria, a Moslem school for boys taught by a Moslem woman, called Sheikhha Sofia. She was an energetic woman, said to be a strict disciplinarian, and ruling by the rod. The boys—and she had a considerable number—were all seated on the ground with the Koran, their only book of study, on a little desk before each one; they were all studying it aloud, rocking themselves backward and forward as they read. At a word from her they were silent when we entered; and at a word from her they resumed their chorus.—*Damascus and its People, Sketches of Modern Life in Syria.*

Damascus Postal Service.—Opposite the prison is the Post and Telegraph Office. Though the city is such a large one (180,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs), there is (1882) but one postman and an assistant. Poor Ismaeel has plenty to do; and though he rides through the town on a clever little white donkey, he and his man frequently cannot succeed in delivering all the letters on the day they arrive; and I am afraid the good man sometimes waits till he has two or three letters to deliver at the same house before he brings them. He charges half a piastre, or one penny, for each letter he leaves at a house.—*Damascus and its People, By Mrs. Mackintosh, late of British Syrian Schools, Damascus. Sealeys.*

Swindling Life-Insurance Societies.—A poor woman applied for advice at the Marylebone Police Court regarding a friendly society to which she had paid money for above twenty-five years, and it was now insolvent. Mr. de Rutzen, the magistrate, said it was inconceivable how people continue to risk their money in societies which have no prospect of ever meeting their engagements, when the post-office bank gave absolute security to depositors. At the present

moment very few of the innumerable benefit clubs could possibly meet their engagements. In regard to the society in which this poor woman had sunk her savings, in 1877 the books showed a deficiency of £55,220. In 1883 it appeared that the number of contributing members was 154,939, while the assets did not amount to more than £6,530, the deficiency of £55,220 still existing. The report also showed that one halfpenny of every penny paid by the members was spent by the officers of the society on themselves. The society was in an absolute state of insolvency, and he feared the members would not get one halfpenny of their money. It was a monstrous state of things, but he could not help her. It was undoubtedly a case for the Public Prosecutor to take up and inquire into. Many of the members, he understood, had been invited to transfer their interest to another society, but, in his opinion, that would be like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, for the people would have no security that one society was better than the other.

The Diamond Necklace and the Countess de la Motte.—In connection with this once celebrated personage, Lysons in his "Environs of London," vol. 1, page 306, "Parish of Lambeth," gives us the following interesting information: "August 26, 1791, Jeanne St. Kymer de Valois, Countess de la Motte, buried. This unfortunate lady, who is well known for the share she had in some mysterious transactions which took place a few years ago in the court of France, ended her days in great misery and distress in this parish. A few weeks before her death, in order to avoid the bailiffs, she jumped from a two-pair-of-stairs window, by which rash act she broke her thigh, and was otherwise terribly maimed." The diamonds which once formed the celebrated necklace are now, we believe, in the possession of her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland; at all events some of them, for two of the finest diamonds form ear-ornaments in her portrait.

Lord Rothschild.—In regard to the elevation of Sir Nathaniel M. de Rothschild to the peerage of the United Kingdom the "Jewish Chronicle" says: "His elevation to the House of Lords not only confers personal honour on the recipient of the Queen's gracious favour, but also sheds lustre upon the entire Jewish community. The creation of the first Jewish peer in England is one of the most significant of the acts of Mr. Gladstone, to whose advocacy in part it was due that Baron Rothschild, Sir Nathaniel's father, was eventually enabled to sit in the House of Commons. To Mr. Gladstone, it will be remembered, is also due the appointment of the late Sir George Jessel, first as Solicitor-General and subsequently as Master of the Rolls. By the Parliamentary Oath Amendment Bill, which received the Royal Assent on May 1st, 1866, Lord Rothschild was enabled to take his seat without any difficulty in connection with the oath administered to him."

Benefal Literature.—A recent law of the State of Connecticut, U.S., imposes a fine of 50dols. or less, and imprisonment for three months or less, or both, at the discretion of the court, upon every person who shall sell, send, lend, give, or offer, or have in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give, or offer, any book, magazine, pamphlet, or paper devoted wholly or principally to the publication of criminal news, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust, or crime.

Funeral Reform.—About one branch of funeral reform there ought to be no difference of opinion. Strong and costly coffins, wood or metal, preserve the putrid body for a long period, instead of allowing it to be resolved speedily into wholesome elements for vegetation. The more slight and perishable the coffin the better for the living, and it is only stupid usage, playing into the pockets of undertakers, that continues this abuse.

Unconscientious Work.—In Mr. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" there is a story of a certain figure which so pleased him by its artistic carving that he got a ladder in order to inspect the back of it. But to his great disappointment he found the mason had not thought it worth while to finish carefully the part which would rarely be seen. Mr. Ruskin's face in descending the ladder must have been a study

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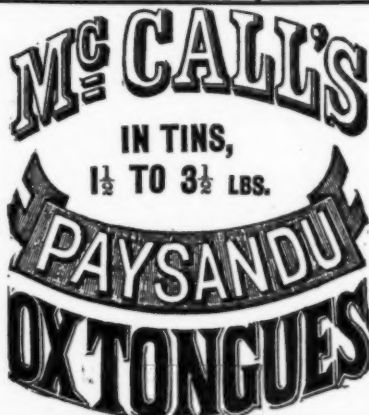
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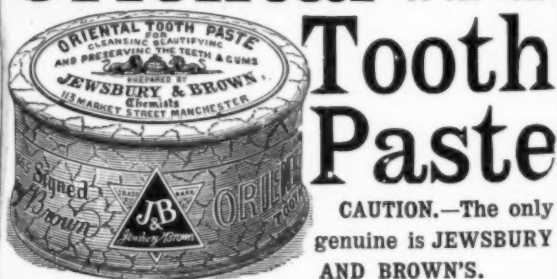
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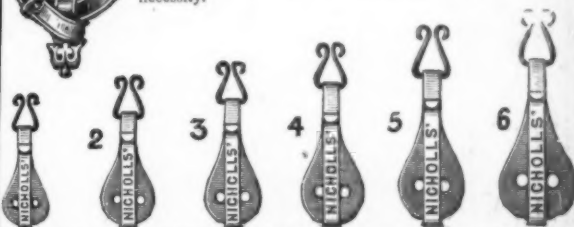
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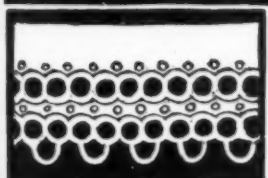
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